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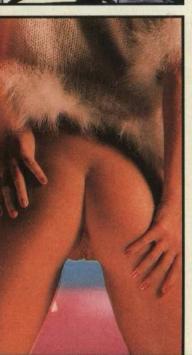
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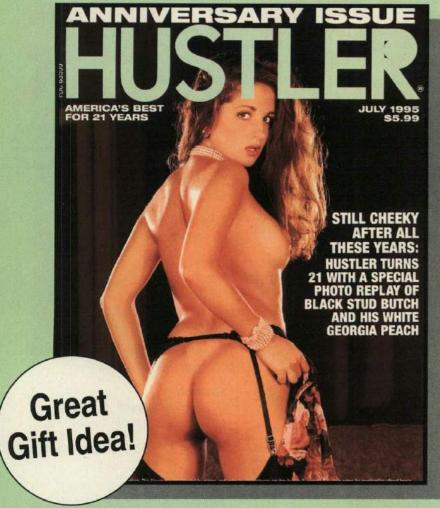
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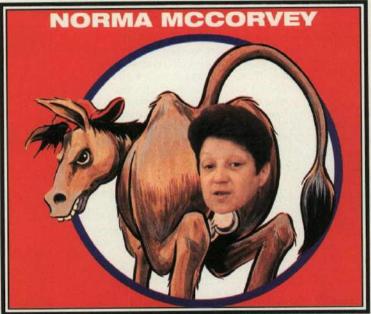


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Norma McCorvey has been used, battered and dumped by a series of men, has been deemed an unfit parent by her own mother, has been strung along by a pair of female lawyers, has been excluded by the membership and hierarchy of the feminist movement, has been pandered to by Hollywood hucksters, has been kicked out of lowlife dyke bars, has been minimized by abortion-rights advocates and has been publicly dunked in a suburban swimming pool by a leader of the antiabortion group Operation Rescue. And now, for the crowning humiliation of a long-running string of indignities, career victim Norma McCorvey is named HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for the Holiday Issue of 1995.

Norma McCorvey first came to fame anonymously, as Jane Roe, immortalized as one half of Roe v. Wade, the landmark 1973 Supreme Court decision that gave American women legal access to abortions. In 1970, knocked up for the third time, underemployed and with no man to call her own, pill-popping wino Norma McCorvey met attorneys Sarah Weddington and Linda Coffee. The lawyers were trying to find a plaintiff for a law suit to legalize abortion in Texas. Weddington and Coffee needed a pregnant woman who wanted to terminate her pregnancy, but couldn't afford or figure out how to.

The ideal candidate would be too stupid to realize that the court battle to scrape her fetus would drag on until well after the baby's due date. Norma McCorvey was that fertile,



feebleminded plaintiff. When a doctor told McCorvey he needed a urine sample to confirm her pregnancy, she didn't know what urine was.

Bullshit, on the other hand, she was well acquainted with. From the start, Norma McCorvey lied to the two women whom she hoped would save her. In a bid for extra sympathy, and in effect denying responsibility for her own actions, McCorvey fed the lawyers a made-up story about her pregnancy being the result of a gang rape; the seeds had actually been planted in the course of a fleeting romance.

Norma McCorvey, who became, as Roe, a symbol of self-determination and the hard-won fight, never had an abortion. She carried her baby to term, drinking and drugging herself into a haze of denial, and delivered the child up for adoption.

Fetal alcohol syndrome may have been a family tradition, judging from McCorvey's remedial intelligence and infantile emotions. In her 1994 book, I Am Roe, McCorvey describes a dawning awareness that she was too pregnant to turn back: "I suddenly realized this lawsuit was not really about me. It was really for all the women who were coming after me....I was furious at Sarah and Linda. Hadn't they led me on, let me think that I could get an abortion?"

Later, McCorvey's anger would appear as resentment that her unwitting contribution to "my law" received insufficient praise from the women's rights elite. "I never fit in that well with the pro-choice people," Norma carped. "I don't have a degree from Vassar."

Throughout her book, Norma tells of feeling inferior and inadequate to nearly everyone she meets. She copes by becoming enraged and blaming them.

In the '80s, McCorvey went public about being Roe, appearing at women's rallies and publishing her book. She received more attention than her actual accomplishments merited, but her short burst of celebrity was not special enough to suit her.

On August 15, Norma McCorvey was baptized a born-again by Operation Rescue's Flip Benham in a private ceremony that was attended by the requisite news reporters for broadcast around the world.

The pro-choice McCorvey spoke of abortion as a "freedom that women bled and died for." Pro-life Norma conjures a different carnage: "Have you ever seen a secondtrimester abortion? It's a baby. It's got a face and a body, and they put him in a little container." Which of these visions is the greater horror is at the crux of the abortion debate in America, a crucial, moral dilemma that will not be decided by HUSTLER Magazine, a question that should not be influenced by the grandstanding of a needy woman who throws her empty weight behind whichever camp kisses her ass best.

Norma McCorvey: HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month is not a halfway thing. You will never change your mind about being it.

Farts in the Wind

fault you for being boxing's latest court jester? Maybe if you'd gone 98 seconds rather than 89, you'd at least be a joke, Asshole.

Mel Reynolds: Recently convicted of having sex with a minor, the Illinois Representative, rather than attribute his woes to his little head controlling his big head, contends that his troubles stem from not being white. Even if he were pale pink, Mel Reynolds would be a black Asshole.

Janet Reno: Attorney General Janet Reno has endorsed a proposal to eliminate inmate access to TV soap operas in favor of "quality" programming. How about The Ruby Ridge and Waco Show, brought to you by Janet "Asshole" Reno?

Peter McNeeley: Peter McNeeley, you disgrace to the sons of Erin, you shamrock-flaunting palooka with the chin of a leprechaun, you bum pug, bog-faced bitch, you malarkey-spouting club boxer hoax, you great, white dope. If Mike Tyson had kicked your ass, no one could have held it against you. No circus is complete without its clowns, and who could

Drop Your Cock and Pick Up a Pen. It's Time to Choose... HUSTLER'S 1995 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner

Once again, HUSTLER readers are faced with an awesome responsibility. At the end of a year filled with some of the finest Beavers ever to grace the pages of America's Magazine, the time has come to

decide the fate of one very special beauty who will win \$5,000 and a trip to Beverly Hills, California. Unlike voting for a public official, voting for the *Beaver of the Year* can actually feel good. Not only

will voters have the satisfaction of knowing they had a positive effect on a pretty young lady's life, they will also receive the rewarding opportunity of seeing all new photos of their favorite girl as the 1995 Beaver of the Year.

Carefully study the selections below. Decide which honey-filled hopeful is best suited to bear the title of *Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner*, and then make your choice.



Isabelle.

An ambitious student from Norman, Oklahoma, who enjoys biking, swimming and reading, Isabelle appeared as the first 1995 semifinalist last February. Since then, her studying and exercise regimen has no doubt kept her in top mental and physical condition for the competition that lies ahead. Whether or not she has found ten guys to form a circle jerk and drown her in cum is anyone's guess. She might still be looking.

Jessica.

Creating her own Rocky Mountain high, this luscious salesperson from Denver, Colorado, became the fourth semifinalist when she appeared in December. An active 24-year-old, Jessica swims, rides horses and enjoys plenty of backdoor boffing. She's game for anything that involves "oral delights," and she's definitely a welcome guest at any party.



Pamela.

Three is indeed a charm, and October's semifinalist is no exception. A 24-year-old flight attendant from Pompano Beach, Florida, she spends her down time skating and fishing. Now that the football season is under way, Pamela's probably making tracks over to a Dolphins game to live out a wild desire that would involve the whole team and some new plays she's dreamt up.

Kendra.

An entertainer from San Antonio, Texas, this 25-year-old has no problem keeping an audience's attention. In-line skating, jet-skiing and horseback riding help Kendra maintain her entertaining shape and have fun. She became semifinalist number two last July, and if she's fulfilled her fantasy of having sex in the snow since then, she'll surely come up with another sexual fantasy to pique readers' imaginations.



My choice for 1995's Beaver of the Year is:

Send ballot to HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year Contest, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



A democracy only works if people get involved.

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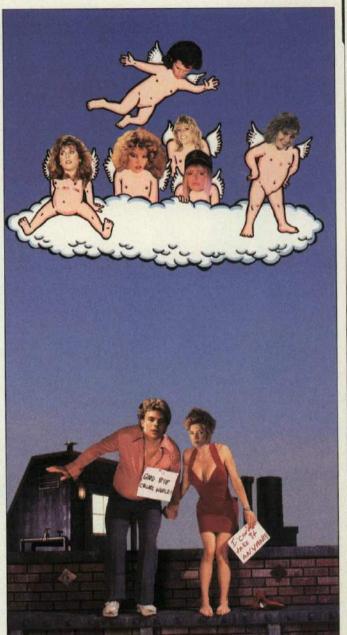




Sometimes man's best friend can be a key factor in procuring the attention of man's second best friend. Knowing what it's like to have a bone and no place to hide it, these dogs surely understand the noble task they are performing for their owner.

Steve Carney gets our thanks and \$150 for sending in this touching portrait of puppy love. Have any nude photos of grandma you'd like to share with a million or so people? Send them to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

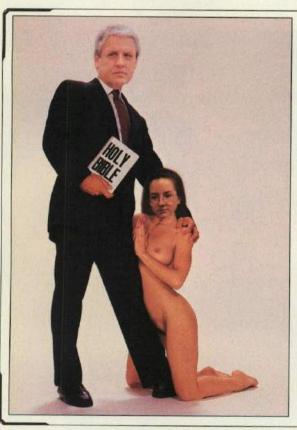




The HUSTLER Porn Star Suicide Watch

Former porn star Alex Jordan was found dead in her Southern California home last July, apparently another victim of what has become the scourge of the XXX world, suicide. Blue-screen performers Shauna Grant, Megan Leigh, Kelly Van Dyke, Savannah and Cal Jammer have all fallen prey to this tragic and fatal occupational hazard.

Adult entertainment has lost too many cherished performers to the scourge of self-murder; so why not jizz-bizz pariahs Jerry Butler and Traci Lords? In their shrill denouncements of all things pornographic, Butler and Lords display enough self-loathing to propel them deathward. In the immortal words of Van Halen, "Go ahead and jump."



Beverly Russell:

"I am the Christian Coalition."

Churchgoer, man of prayer, Republican activist, adulterer, child molester, county chairman of Reverend Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition.

Beverly Russell of Union. South Carolina, is all these things and more.

As a stepfather, Beverly Russell continued a sexual affair with his adopted daughter. Susan Smith, through her adolescence, through her two suicide attempts, through her marriage.

Russell boned the daughter of his wife right up to within weeks of when Susan Smith drowned her two infant sons.

Closer to God than thee, Beverly "Thank you, Jesus" Russell is the Christian Coalition.

A public service message brought to you by **HUSTLER's Christian Coalition Scandal Watch.**

The HUSTLER Institute of Masturbatory Science

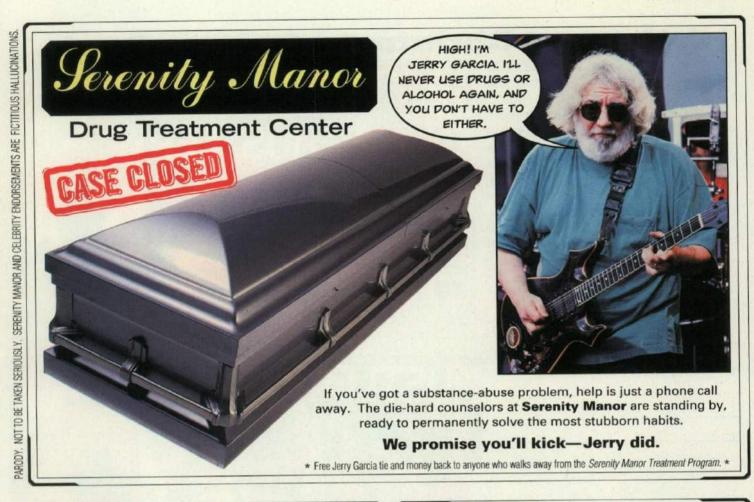
After her son, America's most high-profile cannibal, was killed in a prison lavatory last year, Jeffrey Dahmer's mother announced some disturbing news: She planned to have her boy's tweaked brain preserved and donated for scientific study. There may in fact be something to learn from the contents of Dahmer's gray matter, but could it be anything worth knowing?

A better scientific pursuit might be the investigation of a phenomenon more pleasant

than man-eating serial killers-masturbation. People who have provided masturbation-stimulation while alive can continue their good work after they kick the can too. The **HUSTLER** Institute of Masturbatory Science preserves and exhibits the finest specimens of jerkoff inspiration, for posterity and for eternity. All tours are led by the lovely Professor Wanka.



NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. ALL CELEBRITY BODY PARTS ARE IMPERSONATED

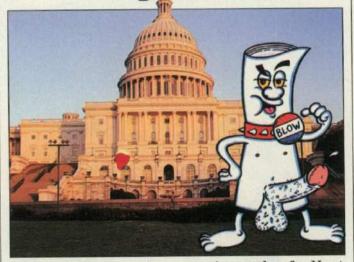


Come Here



In response to the gum targets now in place to keep New York City's subways clean, HUSTLER's young bureaucrats propose a method of making commuters happy, while creating jobs for struggling actresses at the same time—Cum Targets[®].

A Law We Can Lay With



Anne Manning, one-time campaign worker for Newt Gingrich, claims that she and the esteemed Speaker of the House had oral sex, and that "he prefers that modus operandi because then he can say 'I never slept with her.'" Let's get it in legislation. Our nation's male constituency implores Newt Gingrich to enact a bill that will redefine adultery to exclude oral sex. Married American males deserve some positive changes in family values.

A Host of Christmas Covers Past

The holiday season just wouldn't be the same without America's Magazine to fill dicks and balls with loads of jolly. Bringing merriment and holiday cheer in HUSTLER's special way over the years, as evidenced by these covers of yore, Larry's elves have exalted the spirit of giving with creativity and industriousness that would make Santa green with envy.

Keeping with the generous sentiments of the season, a HUSTLER gift package is offered to the first five naughty fans to accurately state the dates of the covers displayed here. Good luck and Happy Holidays.

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A. D. B. E. C. F. Send responses to:

Holiday Cover Contest HUSTLER Magazine 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900 Beverly Hills, CA 90211





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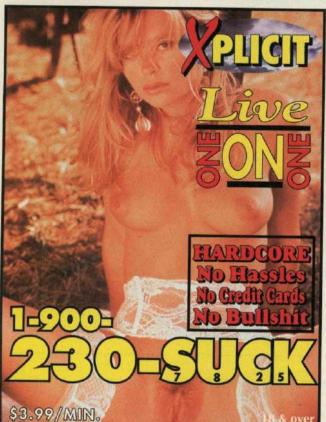
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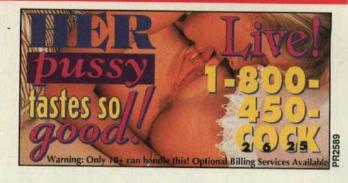






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FEED BACK

Far Out

I've always been an avid reader of HUSTLER, but one thing I've noticed in the past year or so is that HUSTLER has been extending itself further out there than most magazines. I'm talking about the facial cum-shots that have been appearing. Even though I feel it's not really cum, it still makes me hard just thinking about a hot bitch, such as Shelby Stevens, taking it full on the face (Shelby Stevens and Vince Voyer: Chess Mastered, November 1995). My problem is this: I find that in most of your girl/girl scenes, the girls are actually sucking a tit or mouthing a pussy. But when it comes to boy/girl scenes, the girl is never shown actually with her mouth on a hard cock or a cock inside a pussy, but you do show the boy's mouth touching the pussy. The details are always blocked by either a hand or the girl's hair when the girl is doing this to the boy. What I would like to know is, are there laws stopping you from showing this in the boy/girl scenes and not in the girl/girl scenes? Is this just something HUSTLER does? I'm not asking HUSTLER to become hard-core, but maybe a little more daring in one or two scenes. We all know these girls fuck and suck on a regular basis, probably for money, and more than likely during the shooting of these scenes; so why not extend HUSTLER -J. W. M. just a little bit further? Miami, Florida

We're glad you've noticed the cum-shots, J. W. M. HUSTLER is constantly pushing to redefine adult entertainment. If it's going to happen, it will happen here first. And it is going to happen.

Sexual Darwinism

Perhaps the greatest and most ironic tragedy of biological development is that single, apocalyptic event lost long, long ago in the untold aeons of time, that caused the human vagina to be placed into the same vehicle as the female brain! Of all the countless billions of species that have walked the

earth down the centuries, could not this delicate, beautiful flower, this sweetest of life's prizes, have taken residence with a less illogical, emotionally unbalanced, trying, hellishly stubborn, fatally vexing, demanding and financially taxing pilot at the helm of its life-support system? Whatever cosmic force chose this route must be silently laughing for all eternity, delighting in all the chaos and heartache it has caused with one stroke of omnipotent mischievous intent!

—M. A. P.

-M. A. P. Florence, Arizona



Shelby and Vince: Chess Mastered

Heavy stuff, M. A. P. You know what they say: "Women, can't live with them—thank God for HUSTLER."

Nag, Nag, Nag

As a feminist, I find your magazine extremely degrading to the female gender. I feel you base a woman's worth solely upon her physical attributes. Women are more than mindless holes meant to cater to the needs of men. We are people with minds and souls, as well as bodies. Publications such as HUSTLER help justify the dehumanization of women in our society. I also feel that your jokes and articles are immature and unintelligent. —R. E. Belfair, Washington

So what's the problem?

Tough Sell

Give your readers a little credit. Our big head isn't as small as our little one. In defending showing two women having sex together as not promoting homosexuality, in response to M. A. ("Shoot Straight," Feedback, October '95), you stated that straight readers with exquisite tastes were smart enough to realize when you show lesbians in your pictorials, "that a guy having sex with a guy is gay. A girl, on the other hand, doing it with another girl, is simply a great thing times two." I can hardly wait for your pictorial showing bulldykes using dildos on each other in your heterosexually oriented magazine. On cross examina-

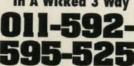








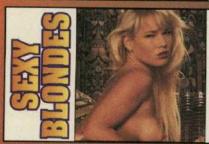






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FEEDBACK

tion, you'll need a better explanation than that one. We're waiting. —R. M. Chatsworth, California

Bulldykes aren't girls, R. M.

Sister Shannon

I checked out the November HUSTLER, and couldn't believe the photo-spread of Shannon (Shannon: Skin Deep, November '95). Photographer James Baes did a great job capturing the natural beauty of this exotic woman. I like that you can't tell where she's from, or what nationality she is, but there's no doubt about one thing—she's hot. Let's see more women like Shannon and more work from James Baes. —E. S. Venice, California

Well, E. S., we'll call Shannon and see if she has any sisters, okay?

Best of Both Worlds

I've been a HUSTLER reader for ten years. I own almost every issue since 1985. I love jerking off to it, looking at the pictures, reading the stories. The movie reviews are the best! You wanna know the really fucked-up part? I'm a fag. Yup. I'm a cocksucker through and through. Your gay jokes don't offend me. I laugh at them like everyone else. HUSTLER is the greatest porn magazine in the world—gay, straight or otherwise.

I never thought I'd write a letter to the magazine though, until today. My secretary, who's a lesbian, brought *The Advocate* to work. *The Advocate* is a gay newsmagazine, which I never read, because it's really lame. But I was skimming it at lunch today, and Larry Flynt was interviewed. Mr. Flynt is a very cool guy, and I'm glad to be among his and HUSTLER's supporters.

—D. K. Astoria, New York

Thank you for your unflagging support, D. K. We're happy to be among Mr. Flynt's supporters ourselves.

Cut!

I read a letter in an Ann Landers column from a woman whose ex-husband had molested their daughter. The writer wanted to know if a child molester could "recover." Ann Landers's personal "research" suggested that the only permanent cure for someone who had molested a child was "surgical castration."

Many well-to-do women have the "disease" of shoplifting. According to psychologists, these women suffer from an irresistible compulsion to steal when they shop. In many cases, judges sentence these well-off matrons to be treated by psychologists for their "disease." But in some Arab countries, people who continually steal have their hands cut off to prevent them from stealing again. By Ann Landers's logic, this would be the best method of effecting a "permanent cure" for these women.

In any case, I think that Ann Landers has taken a step too far to the right in suggesting to a woman that her ex-husband should have his dick cut off. —J. O. S.

North Quincy, Massachusetts

Firstly, J. O. S., if you have a problem with Ms. Landers, let her know how you feel, rather than holding it inside and giving yourself ulcers. Secondly, when you write Ann Landers, ask her how castration is going to stop a guy who's into sucking little boys' dicks.

Action!

I've just heard that my favorite movie director, Oliver Stone, is going to produce a film on my favorite magazine publisher, Larry Flynt, with Woody Harrelson as the lead! Is this true, and if so, when will the film be out?

—R. A.

Toledo, Ohio

Yes, R. A., a biographical movie about the trials and triumphs of HUSTLER Magazine publisher, Larry Flynt, is in the works. Keep watching for more details.

The First Beaver

I was just flipping through some back issues, and I came across something too good to pass up. Please check the September 1979 issue's *Beaver Hunt*, page 102. Does Janet of Hammond, Indiana, have an evil twin sister, maybe in Washington? *Hmmmm*. Keep up the good work. My back issues date to November 1975, and I've never been dissatisfied. I'm a reader for life. —J. K.

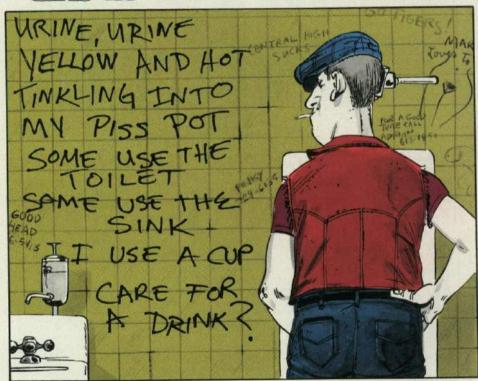
Newalla, Oklahoma

Janet does bear a striking resemblance to Hillary Clinton, J. K. But do you think Hillary's snatch is that hairy? Word is, Bill likes them shaved.

Cream of Tart

First off, let me commend you on the best magazine I've read. I've been a loyal reader for three years now. I have a prob-(continued on page 25)

GRAFFILM



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Take a sexy safari with sensational Victoria Paris while she devours Jon Martin... then Susan Vegas gets it in the backdoor Sabrina shows Carol Cummings how to use her new 'toy'... and ebony superstud. Sean Michaels, gives Raven Richards a really raunchy ride!







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rittany

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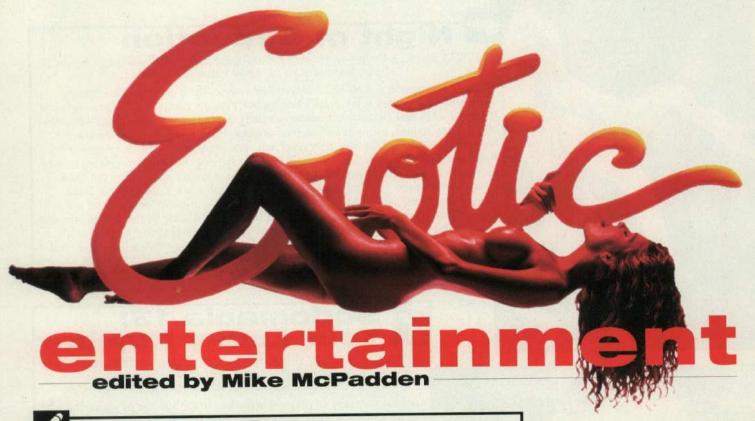












Cover to Cover

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Brad Armstrong; starring Jenna Jameson, Kaitlyn Ashley, P. J. Sparxxx, Jill Kelly, Kia, Morgan Le Fay, Brad Armstrong, Mark Davis and Gerry Pike. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

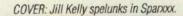
If Jenna Jameson, the incandescent lead in Wicked Pictures's Cover to Cover, had her own table of contents, it might read as follows: Blond hair, blue eyes, face of an angel (specifically, the patron saint of gorgeous, pouty, corn-fed looks), stone-hard stomach, impossibly perfect pudenda, gravity-mocking ass meat, unlikely acting ability, big, fake tits and huge, very real star quality. Jenna Jameson is the most likely candidate for genuine, household-name caliber porn-queen status in some time, and Cover to Cover is almost the vehicle to launch her there: The story is relatively ambitious, the sets and costumes are relatively competent and, though Jenna appears in six of the tape's seven sex scenes, no stroker will want her to step off-screen—ever. Only an unfortunately artsy and intrusive use of black-and-white video in a climactic butt-cramming from Mark Davis (and some sub-stellar supporting ginch) closes the book on Cover to Cover's Fully Erect candidacy; but whack assured that Jenna Jameson herself is destined to be a XXX classic.

—Mike McPadden





COVER: Jenna Jameson—what a pearl!





Night of Seduction

HALF ERECT. Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Ariana, Nicole London, Tina Tyler, Victoria Andrews, Jon Dough, Mike Horner and Luc Wylder. Videocassette: VCA.

Subtitled "an erotic makeover," Night of Seduction is the woeful tale of a frumpy broad whose boyfriend is bored with boning her. Frumpy complains to a makeup artist; Frumpy moans and groans to a lingerie saleslady; Frumpy snivels to a snizz who dabbles in body lotions, bath oils and scented candles. How, all these women ponder in breathless stretches of touchy, feely chick talk, can Frumpy be made sexy again? Try shoving a dick up her ass, for starters. If Frump's fictional boyfriend happened to overhear all this sappy snatch palaver, he'd never get hard for her again—and the home viewer is right there with him, staying deflated through a sex scene wherein Mike Homer seems real happy to be getting some; perking up slightly for a mess of ass splooge on a black-haired, tattoo-butt power hump with muscle thighs, balloon tits and nipple rings; going limp again during a cuddly girl-girl; and maybe springing to life as Jon Dough dicks a pained look onto Frump's face and follows it with a dollop of ball slop. Night of Seduction has a few forced moments.

—Christian Shapiro

SEDUCTION: Ariana likes Luc's loins okay.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Nici Sterling, Nikki Lynn, Sid Deuce, Channone, Lana Sands, Katarina, Peter North, Roscoe Bowltree, Marc Wallice and Alex Sanders. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

A focused purity of purpose is the key to the success of stroke maestro Patrick Collins's Sodomania series of meat-beat video delights. The Collins camera is constantly aware that the viewer is looking to become sexually excited. To that end, every view must provide some small thrill to the libido, fillips of arousal such as a dusky lady with her hair cut like a little Palestinian boy clamping her maw upon Peter North's turgid root as she squats her cunt in his mouth, A-hole to his nose. The carnal charge continues: A brunet trash-tart buzzes her nerve center, fingers her slot and sucks a spurt onto her lips and tongue; Alex Sanders bangs an open-mouth, gasping blonde with his hands clamped around the arteries in her neck; dark, peroxide blonde Katarina rubs globs of issue into her deep-tanned chest; a barely legal blonde puts her cunt in the viewer's lap and shoves a finger up her ass; and a thick white splat scums Lana Sands's musky, murky ass trough. Lucky number 13 is an odds-on favorite to pay out a shot of semen. -C.S.

SODOMANIA 13: Sanders nails Nikki.



Jon Dough's Dirty Stories

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Jon Dough; starring Nici Sterling, Seth, Tatyana, Sid Deuce, Carolina, Lucy, Coralie, Mark Davis, Gerry Pike, Tom Byron and Big Rick. Videocassette: Plush.

Jon Dough is the finest actor currently working in any medium in which the male lead's erect penis regularly enters his female co-stars on-camera. Jon Dough, in fact, is one of the best porn studs ever, and with Jon Dough's Dirty Stories, he announces himself a pretty good smut director too. Dough bones mouthwatering Italian bella Coralie; later, he parts the birth glands and poop valve of scrumptious, natural-sacked Sid Deuce. Gerry Pike drives pipe into sizzle-snizz Brazilian Tatyana; and powerhouse Brit dish Nici Sterling services Mark Davis and Tom Byron with assistance from tangy trollop Seth. Dirty Stories's one unforgettable chapter is a harried hitchhiker girl-girl tussle with indescribably delectable, wet, real, head-spinning, lap-liquefying, how-old-are-they? honeymounds Lucy and Carolina. Jon Dough's Dirty Stories: tales—and tails—well spun. Selwyn Harris

DIRTY STORIES: Clean, white tail.

NAKED, KNOCKED-UP



Crystal Knight: All nine months of her.

CAMERA

The allure of the pregnant female form is both primal and profound: Luminous skin, hypersensitive private parts, arousingly swollen tummies and mega-bloated, stretchy-nippled, hot-squirting milk sacks rank among humanity's most elemental turn-ons.

Filmco Releasing and disgusting smut maven Loretta Sterling offer a uniquely foul, beautiful and fascinating display of storked broads being schtupped in the eye-popping, belly-stretching adult-video series, Ready To Drop, Volumes 1 to 5.

Famous porn stars, such as Trinity Loren and Sahara Sands, perform all conceivable carnal acts alongside lesser luminaries in the *Ready to Drop* line; every be-pussied performer is at least eight months pregnant. It's some eyeful.

For delivery of the *Ready to Drop* series, contact: Filmco Releasing, 9980 Glen Oaks Boulevard, Sun Valley, CA 91352.



Suckle Sahara, my brother!





6

Buttman's Big Butt Backdoor Babes

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Krysti Lynn, Eduarda, Keiko, Bruna, Sweetie Pie, Stephanie, Vanessa Chase, Joey Silvera, Raul, Rocco Siffredi and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Stagliano. Siffredi. Silvera. Buttman. Big butts. How big? Depends: *Muy grande* in the case of vaguely Asian slop-bod Keiko and Latina lard-cake Bruna; fucking huge as far as doubly penetrated trash-twat Sweetie Pie goes; and nothing less than shocking when it comes to Krysti Lynn. Remember Krysti? Taut physique, nasty, little dancer type? Miss Lynn is now a mass of meat, which she puts to electrifying motion, anally consuming Rocco's wonder wad poolside, her buckets

of ass cheese flying appealingly. Then comes Eduarda. Then comes the viewer. Who is Eduarda? This is Eduarda: The hands-down, jugs-up finest creature to ever pack a baby tee; Shoshanna Lonstein made Brazilian and horny and naked and by two guys all over an abandoned office; the most fleshily delectable monsoon of girl-sex Stagliano has ever photographed; the reason, right now, to rush out and pick up Buttman's Big Butt Backdoor Babes.

—S. H.



Dear Diary

HALF ERECT. Directed by Frank Marino; starring Kaitlyn Ashley, Jeanna Fine, Krista Maze, Jordan St. James, Felicia, Alex Sanders, Steven St. Croix and Peter North. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

One good way to start a XXX-video entertainment is with the luscious, saliva-slick lips of Kaitlyn Ashley's mouth gripping and slipping along the length of Peter North's fat cock in a close-up that fills the screen with tongue-applied spit-shined dick. Ashley's bubblegum labes spill into view, North grips her solid-state chest orbs, crams his cock in from her rear and spritzes a gruesome sheen of gonad goop upon her goo trough. Next, Ashley's rolling around in a wheelchair looking for dramatic tension with snoopy, diary-peeking mom Jeanna Fine. Dear Diary has plenty of drama to satisfy anyone, and a lesser amount of effective fucking. Jeanna Fine continues on her searing comeback path to the top slot on porn-girl mountain, sucking a condomcoated cock into her cunt and swallowing a strap-on prong with her mouth to start off a flying-fist threeway that ends with rocks popping on a pair of girl-butts. Alex Sanders gets a pair of workouts, his sperm glazing one snatch and Ashley's mug. The rest of Dear Diary isn't worth a written record.



DIARY: Saints Croix and James come marchin' in Fine.

~

Tender Loving Care

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Misty Rain, Kylie Ireland, P. J. Sparxxx, J. R. Carrington, Patricia Kennedy, Jonathan Morgan, Steven St. Croix, Tom Byron and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Getting old is a sad process, particularly for the falsely aged porn bohunks of *Tender Loving Care*. With chalky, fake gray silt brushed into their hair, convalescent hospital robes pulled tight across their pseudo-crotchety chests, the withered, wizened dicks sit around a checkers board squabbling, squawking and setting up the loop-style fuck scenes: Jonathan Morgan, young again, hammers a big-tit blonde with his rubber-coated mallet, then pops on her tits; Steven St. Croix duplicates Morgan's efforts on another rock-solid chesty blonde; a pair of chestnut coozes get bathwater slick to lick slit and nip; T. T. Boy pile drives a pair of standard-issue sluts; and Tom Byron eats some girlie ass and jettisons his jizz on her nipple rings. Great porn isn't known for its tenderness, love or care, and neither is this example of half-erect basic dreck.

—C. S.

TENDER: Patricia Kennedy enjoys a moment of clarity.





Deep Inside Nicole London

HALF ERECT. Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Nicole London, Melanie Moore, Tony Tedeschi, T. T. Boy, Celeste, Woody Long, Kris News and Sean Michaels. Videocassette: VCA.

For anyone who hasn't been looking lately, Nicole London is an almost tall, almost lanky broad whose hair is almost red. Nicole's natural, high-bopping titties are almost paragons of silicone-free chest adornment. In fact, Nicole London is a cock-sucking, ass-humped, hungry-slot porno slut of almost super-star stature. She certainly has the appetite of libidinal legend: During the course of *Deep Inside Nicole London*, a highlight reel of Ms. London's best on-tape pussy performances for VCA, the almost universally acclaimed snizz actress flips in the air on a swinging trapeze and flies down to chow choad, gets a load of cock scum on either side of her mouth, slurps big, wet upper- and lower-body kisses with another slit, sucks Woody Long's prong poolside, hangs around with two chicks and a dick, and coats her tongue in the crud from Sean Michaels's cum-spitting crotch cobra. There's something in *Deep Inside Nicole London* for almost everyone, but be prepared to go through most of the tape to find it. —C. S.

DEEP INSIDE: London, Michaels and Michaels, Jr.

6

Sperm Bitches

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Paul Norman; starring Nikki Arizona, Max Cady, Shonnalynn, Delny Marga, Jake Steed, Bobby Vitale and Kimberly Summing. Videocassette: Zane.

Sleaze-screen director Paul Norman is known for the gimmickry he employs in his adult entertainments—flamboyant props such as two sluts prosthetically connected as Siamese twins, or a girl with a plastic dick grafted to her mons as if it were real. For *Sperm Bitches*, two stratagems are employed, one stupid, the other stunning. Norman's dumb one is the notion that the skankylooking twats of *Sperm Bitches*, receptionists at a sperm bank, are draining their employer's deposits by the gulpful. Paul's slick

move is to employ exhibitionistic cunts who act every bit as wantonly trashy as they look. A milky-skinned bottle blonde who stands about a half inch taller than the length of Jake Steed's dick takes the whole nine yards up her ass; a brunette opens up for two dorks in a busy, orifice-stretching round of wet sins; and a Latinesque gutter goddess is twisted around, spread open and made a mess of by two hard fuckers. All *Sperm Bitches* needed was two more deposits to bring its balance up to full.

—C. S.

NIGHT OF THE STARES

Misty Rain (with rings), Danni Ash

Adult video's annual "A Night of the Stars" dinnerdance went down last July at the Sheraton Universal in Los Angeles. The event was marked, surprisingly enough, by an absence of stars, but no shortage of gawking, mewling, bug-eyed fanboys, all of whom shelled out \$100 to glimpse professional genitals in the fragrant flesh.

Supporting-level strumpets such as Holly Body, Lana Sands and Tera Heart were thrust into the spotlight for the lack of top-drawer sluts. Ginch warhorses Ona Zee, Sharon Mitchell and a very expectant Rebecca Wild

sounded off and looked hard in the name of unbridled expression. Nina Hartley did a lewd "Freedom of Speech" dance that would have made the founding fathers proud (and it might have made them hard).

Fortunately, a few prime blue-screen luminaries, Juli Ashton, Rebecca Lord, Nikole Lace and Jenna Jameson, were on hand—however briefly—to bite each other, smile for the cameras and then split.

Proceeds from "A Night of the Stars" go to Bill Margold's Free Speech Coalition. Where they go from there, only Bill Margold knows. —Colin Malone



From left: Jenna Jameson, Danielle Brittany, Juli Ashton and Lisa Ann.

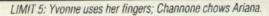


Norma Jean jiggles her juggle.

Takin' It to the Limit 5

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Bionca; starring Careena Collins, Dru Barrymore, Jill Kelly, Christina West, Natalie Tizara, Yvonne, Christina West, Ariana, Channone, Peter North, Gerry Pike, Mark Davis, Luc Wylder and Bionca. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

Careena Collins is horny. She purrs and writhes. Her taut, sex-built body and smoldering, Sheryl Crow-like looks conjure tsunamis of lust. Careena can't wait to be fuckedhard-in the mouth, cunt and ass by Peter North and Mark Davis. Careena grabs Takin' It to the Limit 5 director Bionca, bombarding her with deep tongue kisses and frantic tit twisting. Next, Careena squats on a large, spade-shaped butt plug; it will remain in her bowels as she scintillatingly suck services North and Davis, afterward taking their slamming tools up her twat. The toy comes out only when both dudes viciously pole Careena's pooper in preparation for one raucous, relentless, indescribably searing double penetration. Elsewhere, Takin' It to the Limit 5 offers a decent clusterfuck and a unique, occasionally nauseating all-girl orgy in which a sinewy, itty-boobed Drew Barrymore lookalike is shaved top-to-bottom, and then uses her stubby, oiled head as a pussy buffer. Pants off? Party down with Takin' It to the Limit 5. -S. H.





Wicked Ways 2: The Education of a DP Vixen

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jonathan Morgan and Alex Sanders; starring Kimberly Kyle, Sindee Coxx, Sofia Ferrari, Davia Ardell, Peter North, Tom Byron and Bret Singer. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

How difficult can the Education of a DP Vixen be? If it means sitting through another lame, plodding, idiot opus from asinine auteurs Jonathan Morgan and Alex Sanders, then the lesson comes at a price. If the student is gutter twat Kimberly Kyle, who jams her kiwi with toys and tongues in preparation for several pairs of poles to stuff her southern holes, this Education may be a course worth investigating. Factor in tutorial assistance from succulent, squishy-boobed Sindee Coxx, Sicilian prosciutto-puss Sofia Ferrari and ueber-deviant Davia Ardell, and The Education of a DP Vixen actually musters a passing grade. Morgan and Sanders, however, remain on academic probation.

DP VIXEN: Cock, cock, cock and Kyle.



Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Fully Erect

Superior. A top production.

Bottom Dweller 33% (Elegant Angel)

Careena Collins, Nici Sterling, Jake Steed

Compulsive Behavior (Odyssey Group)

Tiffany Mynx, Sharon Kane, Mike Horner

Gregory Dark's DMJ 5: The Inferno (VCA)

Juli Ashton, Vanessa Chase, Rowan Fairmont

New Wave Hookers 4 (VCA)

Rebecca Lord, Tammi Ann, Leslie Forbes

Sodomania 11: In Your Face (Elegant Angel)

Melissa Monet, Jen Teal, Roscoe Bowltree



Three-Quarters Erect

Above average, Hard-on material.

The Best of Buttslammers Volume One (Bruce Seven Productions)

Celeste, Tianna, Nancy Vee

Jim Holliday's Candy Factory (Plush Entertainment)

Shayla LaVeaux, Alexis DeVell, T. T. Boy

Horny Henry's French Adventure (Totally Tasteless Video)

Julia Chanel, Chanté, Dick Nasty

Seymore and Shane Live on Tour (Ultimate Video)

Shane, Shawna, Seymore Butts

T'

Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.

Adult Affairs (VCA)

Nina Hartley, Kirsty Waay, Jay Ashley

Chasin' the Fifties (Wicked Pictures)

Chasey Lain, Jordan Lee, Steven St. Croix

Hotel Sodom (Snatch Productions)

Anna Malle, Debi Diamond, Alex Sanders

VR 69 (VCA)

China Lee, Christine Tyler, Peter North

Wild Breed (Sin City)

J. R. Carrington, Brittany O'Connell, Tom Byron



One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

Companion: Aroused 2 (Vivid)

Ashlyn Gere, Asia Carrera, Steve Drake

Riot Grrls (Sin City)

Sierra, Veronica Sage, Steven St. Croix



Totally Limp

A waste of time and money.

Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Christina West, Buck Adams

Western Nights (Wicked Pictures)

Tera Heart, Kylie Ireland, Tony Tedeschi

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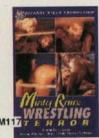


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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

lem. I'm looking for the name of an amateur porn actress and any movies she's been in. I have seen her in Nasty Amateurs II and Amateur Dripping Snatches. She's foreign, had very short blond hair and was wearing a black and red push-up bra. The best thing about her is that when she comes, she oozes this white cream. Do you know of this Dripping Porn Goddess? And what other movies can I find her in? Thanks for all your help and great issues of your magazine.

—T. D.

Oakwood, Illinois

An amateur porn actress oozing white cream might indicate a need to consult a physician, T. D., not HUSTLER, but we'll keep our eyes open for her.

Naturally

I would like to see more of what I like to call your "average beautiful everyday non-model-looking women." I buy, read and especially look at HUSTLER Magazine because of your Beaver Hunt. I would guess that there are probably a lot of guys who have been doing the same thing for as many years as I have. I'm kind of getting worn out on these models sporting golden tans, wind-blown hair and the fantasy backgrounds.

—B. J. H.

Cleveland, Ohio

Did you fill out a ballot for this year's Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist, B. J. H.? Check out the candidates in this month's Bits and Pieces. You can actually take part in choosing which Beaver will pose for all-new photos, and visit HUSTLER's editors in Beverly Hills. Our fate is in your hands.

Take It Outside

I really loved and enjoyed HUSTLER's pictorial of Lisa and Rick (Lisa and Rick: Drive, She Said, August '95). I love being totally naked outdoors under the warm sun, and Lisa was my super favorite. She has one lovely body, and as I looked at the pictorial, I fantasized being out there stark naked with her and Rick. In fact, I fantasized being out there with her and porn star Rick Savage. I've seen all four of Rick Savage's Streets of New York videos and since then, Rick's become my hero! In fact, I wish Rick could teach me how to fuck in public without getting in trouble. I also really loved and enjoyed the pictorial of Ashley (Ashley: Slow Ride, June '95) and the pictorial of Holly (Holly: Plant Her, August '95).

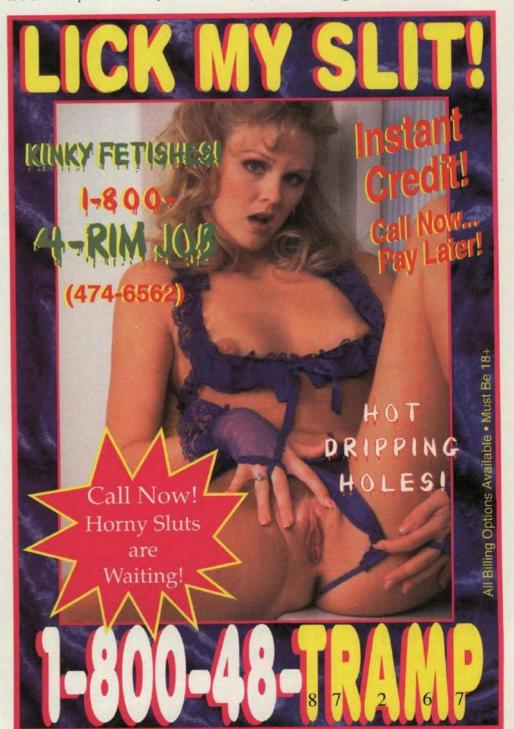
I love being nude outdoors, and I love women who feel the same way. Like the Bible's Adam in the Garden of Eden, I love to frolic naked in the outdoor splendor of God's country, and I'd love to take Lisa, Ashley and Holly as my Eves. Since I love big tits, if Lisa's tits were a little bigger, with that lovely slim body, she'd be even more beautiful. There's nothing I love more than beautiful big titties and outdoor fucking.

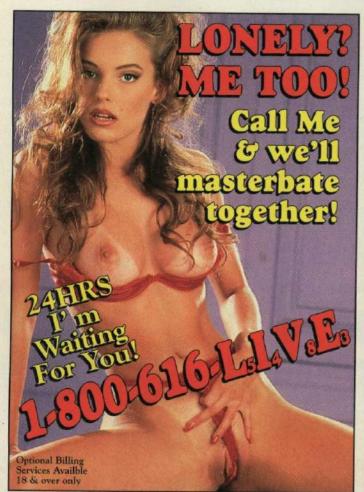
—J. P.

Brooklyn, New York

Your enthusiasm is inspiring, J. P. As for your passion for outdoor sex, the HUSTLER publication you've been waiting for is finally here. HUSTLER'S VOYEUR, a new magazine that celebrates sex in the great outdoors, featuring 100 pages of female flashers who dare to bare their private parts in public places, will be on newsstands October 17, 1995. To order by phone, call 800-220-0314.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback. 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.









Hot Letters L.F. POSTAGE PB METER PB METER

NORTH POLE

The holidays haven't been the same since I started drinking. I was barred from the Mission's Christmas Eve Dinner this year, thanks to the uptight sow dishing slop. Just because I grabbed her fat ass, Little Miss Shit-Don't-Stink had me roughed up and tossed out in the snow. It looked like another night of nodding out in Peep World's 25-cent booth.

When what to my bloodshot eyes should appear, but a fat, drunk bastard dressed as Santa Claus, throwing punches at a stacked, Pamela Anderson look-alike, outside of Teighlor's department store. I'm not usually one to get involved. My humanitarian instincts were stirred, however, by the way this damsel in distress's creamy sacks threatened to bounce out of her festive red blazer with each duck and dodge. I coldcocked violent old Saint Nick, and helped his foxy victim to her feet.

"Thanks," she gasped, stripping the costume from the unconscious lout. "Now put on this red suit, get in the store, and I'll give you \$200. That ought to keep you soused until New Year's." Not another word need fall from her voluptuous lips. I followed my new employer inside, keeping one eye on the outline of her globular rump pillows, and one on the line of toddlers waiting for Santa.

"That's a shitload of kids," I groused from Teighlor's dressing room, whipping off my pants. "Their parents probably wouldn't appreciate Junior sitting on this hard-on you've given me." I stepped out to reveal a gravity-defying ten inches of holiday ham.

"The last Santa used that line right before I threw him out," murmured the bosom boss, clenching onto a clothes rack to keep from fainting. "However, you've presented a far more compelling argument." She fell to her knees and quaffed my dong with unladylike snorts and grunts. I ran my fingers through her wild mane of blond hair, then firmly fucked her head until my dick seemed to hit her stomach. Unable to swallow any more, but too cock-drunk to care, the voracious suck slut wrapped her tiny hands around my member and begged me to come in her mouth.

"Lady," I laughed, "I'm just getting started!" I laid her curvaceous form onto the cement floor, and whipped off her skirt. The hot and bothered honcho dove a single finger into her silk panties, and bucked her ass in increasingly frantic gyrations.

"Taste my pussy," she demanded, jamming a sex-soaked digit into my trap. "It's so fucking hot!" While savoring the briny tang, I plugged her dyke full of meat with a powerful, pelvic thrust. She arched her back and let out such an animal moan, I had to muzzle her with the palm of my hand—lest any impressionable children assume Santa was fucking his reindeer. After a few vigorous strokes, her scalding honeypot had me screaming as well, and I felt a simultaneous orgasm coursing through our loins like an electric current.

My fuckmate's eyes glazed over as she violently pinched her erect, thumb-size



nipples. "Come in my mouth—now," panted the climaxing vixen through clenched teeth, "or you're fucking fired!"

"You're the boss," I shrugged, and unsheathed my choad to aim it at her face. Gooey ropes of spurt splashed her hungry, darting tongue. Spunk dripped off her chin, and onto those mesmerizing, meaty jugs. She massaged the mess into her chest, as if planting seeds to sprout even more gargantuan fun bags. When the sperm dried, however, the grim look on her crusty face was strictly business.

"The past 20 minutes will be deducted from your paycheck, of course," she snapped. I quickly donned my uniform and ran to Santa's Workshop, before losing another penny of my beer money.

The very first brat in line said, "You smell like tuna fish, Santa." I would've thrown him right off my lap, but the kid's mother was a long, slender piece of ass, with the kind of legs that don't quit. She winked as I launched into my rap, and I struggled not to pop another boner.

I bellowed, "What's your name, little boy?" He shot me a glare through his Coke-bottle glasses, as if I just asked "Who farted?"

"I'm Josh. Now let's cut the crap," began the four-eyed freak. "I want a mountain bike, and you want to get into my stepmother's pants. If you can promise me the ten-speed, I'll convince Marcy to stop by on your milk and cookie break. She'll be very giving, if you know what I mean."

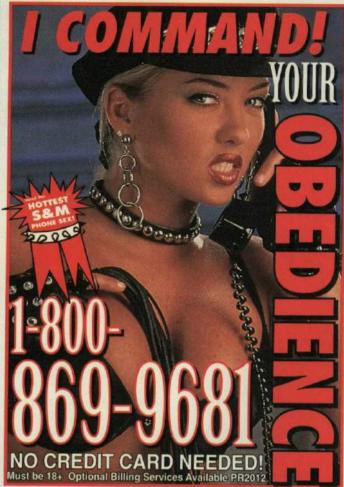
Forty-five minutes later, as I pulled her into a stall of the Teighlor's men's room, Marcy pulled at the zipper of my red pants. She sat on the toilet and massaged her moist cunt folds, while blowing my flute—still slick with gleet from the shift's previous coupling. I couldn't believe how quickly my southern regions rose again.

"I've been a very bad girl this year, Santa," panted Marcy. Her brown eyes shone mischievously as she turned and bent over the crapper. "Stick a lump of coal in my stocking."

I grabbed Marcy's haunches with a rough slap, and invaded her womb at full ramming speed. She almost lost her footing, obviously shocked by the force of my cunt drubbing. Within seconds, however, her quim became a perfectly balanced engine, and she ground ass against my pelvis with toe-curling impetus. I could have explored the depths of Marcy's love canal all night long; however, my dick had a different destination in mind, and it slipped out to probe her bouncing bum.

The tip slowly pierced her sphincters; (continued on page 35)







HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY GIFT SELECTIONS

Delightful XXX-mas treats that you'll want to keep for yourself. Don't give until it spurts.



The Cum-Kiss Shield: Good blowjobs no longer have to be ruined by a sweet cocksucker's penchant for post-spew smooches, thanks to the Cum-Kiss Shield. Girlfriends or mistresses may mean well, but no man wants his post-orgasmic bliss disturbed by a cum-filled kiss. Only the most light and durable materials were used in the construction of the wonderfully inventive Cum-Kiss Shield. This practical device hooks conveniently over the shoulders and even has a side handle for additional stability. Sturdy, flexible Plexiglass deflects unwanted approaches without causing any serious injury to the thwarted party. A must-have for every discerning gentleman. \$99.99.



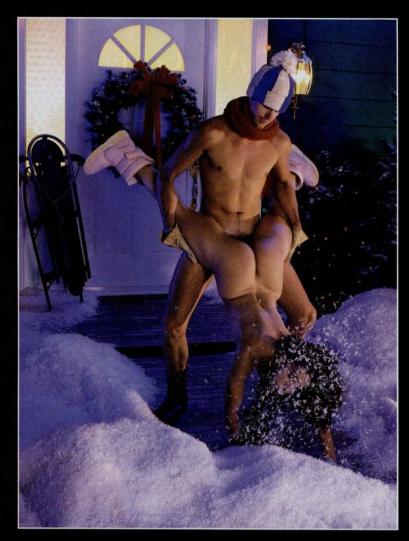
Sneak-a-Peek Video Camera: Every man's dream. Sensitive, harmless X-rays actually penetrate clothing to reveal a highresolution image of the female form. Auto-strip features make handling simple. Just point the Sneak-a-Peek at a clothed lady, and she'll appear nude on tape. Bright viewfinder alerts user to insufficient light or impenetrable worsted wool. Fag and hag blocks (controlled by simple switches under the lens) prevent the Sneak-a-Peek from inadvertently exposing men and sagging old ladies. You'll wonder why no one got around to producing this treasure years ago. \$999.99.

Mistletoe Merkin: A fashion statement with a practical application, the Mistletoe Merkin looks good over any pussy, shaved or bushy. Soft leaves feel good on bare skin and conceal well under clothing. Get one for the little lady, and she won't be able to say no. How could she go against holiday tradition? Green only. Subject to seasonal availability. \$135.



HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY GIFT SELECTIONS

HUSTLER Snowblower: Nobody likes to shovel snow, but an icy walkway can be a real hazard. The HUSTLER Snowblower makes clearing a path fun and easy. Simply insert a penis into the lifelike vagina of this practical gift, and then thrust at a comfortable pace. Each thrust produces pressurized bursts of air through the front end of the Snowblower. Even the heaviest snow-drift can be relocated in seconds. Works like a lawn mower, but uses semen rather than gasoline. The perfect addition to a well-stocked toolshed. Comes in white, tan or hot-chocolate brown. High-viscosity lubricating oil included. Virtually no warm-up time needed! \$25.





The Buttalizer: So many men simply can't tell if their female companions are drunk enough for anal sex. We have to know. That's where the Buttalizer comes in. Inserted and quickly removed like an ATM card, the Buttalizer will change colors to indicate whether butt banging will be allowed, or further intoxication will be necessary first. Color coding makes reading the results a breeze. If the Buttalizer stays pink, go for pussy only. If the device turns brown, so will your dick. Legal liability pamphlet included. \$45.

HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY GIFT SELECTIONS

HUSTLER Piece and Quiet: This brilliant one-handed device has too many daily applications to list. At home, at work or in the car, the HUSTLER Piece and Quiet solves just about any problem that might arise. The recipient of this thoughtful gift won't ever have to wait in line, have trouble finding a parking space, be bothered by bums or pestering co-workers. Give it to a loved one. Purchase one for yourself. Six hollow-point .357-Magnum rounds included. Cleaning kit sold separately. \$600.





ONE FOR THE JEWS!

Dick Yarmulke: For the porn magnate who has everything, a Dick Yarmulke is the perfect present. Fashionable, spiritual, machine washable; there's no place it can't go. Wear it while praying, comparing ailments or fucking (it's also a prophylactic)! Fits on circumcised members only. Comes with application chick. \$20 (for you, \$10).

Personals

STRAIGHT FEMALES

23741- Candi - I have short brown hair & I'm looking for a man with a big dick that can be stuck in my tight pussy. All I want is sex. I'm horny & I want sex today. I even fantasize having 2 men at

24179- Wendy - I'm 5' 3" 120lbs. & really cute. I have blonde hair & hazel eyes. My breasts are 38A with sensitive pink nipples. I have a nice size clit & a tight ass. I want to be fucked & I want a man to totally dominate me 100%.

25046- Holly - I'm a 26 year old dirty blonde who's tall & leggy. My breasts are 34C with pink nipples. I have a fat pussy & tight ass. I'm very much into group sex, & I like to be spanked. I especially like my pussy to be eaten inside & out.

25343- Alesia - I'm pretty damn good looking. I have such a beautiful ass & I'm in need of a man. My blow jobs you will not believe. I need some help now to be fucked.

24986- Claudia - I'm 5' 10" blonde hair & blue eyed & I work out 5 days a week which is very important to me. My breasts are 38DD & I like everyday anyway you want to do it.

13326- Maria - I'm a 32 year old very practiced & sensual latin lady who stands 5' 4" with auburn hair. I have full lips, long shapely legs & my voluptuous measurements are 44DD-26-36. My butt is nice & round, my pussy is always wet, & I love you to be inside me. I want every hole in my body filled.

19151- Rose - I'm a buxom blonde with blue eyes from Texas. My chest is 38DDD & I prefer to shave my pubic hair. I like to ride my man like a buckin' bronco, to feel his hard shaft up my ass moving faster & faster.

24106- Shelly - I'm a 5' 5" brunette with hazel eyes & I have a good figure. I have firm breasts & beauty marks all over my body. I like it everywhere possible, anywhere. I love a man in uniform & I like to be satisfied, fucked & licked.

19108- Kathy - I'm 5' 7" 125lbs. with 36D breasts & big hard nipples that stick out. I'm waiting to be sucked. My clit is big & it sticks out also when I'm getting fucked. My pussy is wet. Pubic hair is shaved. I like your dick deep in my pussy while I'm waiting for my clit to be sucked. I need to be eaten really well.

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Gay Males continued-26069- Randy - I have blonde hair & hazel eyes & well built. My body is hot & my 9 incher is a hot throbbing piece of meat & needs to be satisfied. I like uninhibited hot & sweaty sex & have it all the time. Anything that turns you on.

25073- Courtney - I'm 19 year old 135lbs. & good looking & clean shaven. I like to frequent the underground sex clubs. I want my 7" dick sucked long & hard. I want to be fucked by a big black dick & be humiliated.

24153- Joey - I'm a 26 year old Italian body builder who's 200lbs. I'm a big stud & 1 like my 10" rock hard cock sucked. Get on your hands & knees & I'll fuck you all night long. I can get into some pretty rough sex.

20532- Angel - I'm 5' 2" Mexican with brown hair & eyes with breasts 34B & pink nipples. My skin is soft & my pussy is well groomed. I take real good care of myself. I'm very hardcore & I want it all the time

25921- Marianne - I'm a 40 year old 5' 4" bisexual weighing 138lbs. who has brown hair & eyes. I have soft, round breasts & shaved pussy that's wet & needs to be sucked on. I'm looking for a sincere friend who wants to be with me & a guy. I want adventure & I want to take care of others.

23147- Tiffany - I'm a light skinned 5' 8" bisexual from Trinidad who's measurements are 36-28-38. My breasts are firm, nipples are brown

& sensitive, my ass is fat & my big pussy is very juicy. I'm looking for a friendship with a bisexual who loves oral sex. I want no dikes or bitches.

24609- Coco - I have dark hair, 41" chest, big wide pussy & a fat ass that feels good when you caress it. I want a woman to make me & my man happy in bed.

LESBIANS

23700- Linda - I'm a 5' 2" black 25 year old who has a body like a model & breasts 38D with nice brown nipples. I get so wet when I'm horny. I keep my pussy shaved in a V-shape & I have a tattoo on my butt. My toes are so pretty & I love to lick pussy. I want a lady to cream all over my face.

21138- Donna - I'm 5' 7" 120lbs. latin lesbian who's interested in being with another woman for a very erotic experience. I'm clean shaven & I have hard nipples.

20408- Kelly - I'm a 26 year old 115lbs. soft skinned doll who wants a bi-curious female. My measurements are 34C-24-36. My pussy is nice & I have large suckable nipples on very firm breasts. I like to be kisses, loved & played with so let's play house.

20130- Dana - I'm 5' 7" heavy set dark skinned lesbian who has lovely lips & very bright & beautiful eyes. My pussy is tight, dark on the outside & pink on the inside. My ass is firm & solid. I want a black woman to satisfy who's soft & affectionate so that I can lick her pussy & make sweet passionate love to.

TRANSVESTITES

25628 - Samantha - I'm 5' 10" 135lbs. with brown hair and blue eyes. I have white, smooth and slender legs and my nipples are pink. I have not started developing yet but I need a man to train me to be a woman with dildo training, bondage, etc.

24263 - Bonnie - I'm 6' 0" 260lbs. American Indian and I have a big chest. I'm hot for some guy. I love sex and I love to have cum run down my big, deep throat.

COUPLES

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5' 10" 185lbs, and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking for a woman to share their lives with who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30 year old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.

BISEXUAL FEMALES



GAY MALES

24991 - Larry - I'm Asian & a surfer dude who's 5' 7". I have big calves, legs & arms. My cock is 5" which is just a mouthful. When I see guys at the beach, it makes me hot. I want someone to get on their knees & suck me dry & I'll do the same to him.

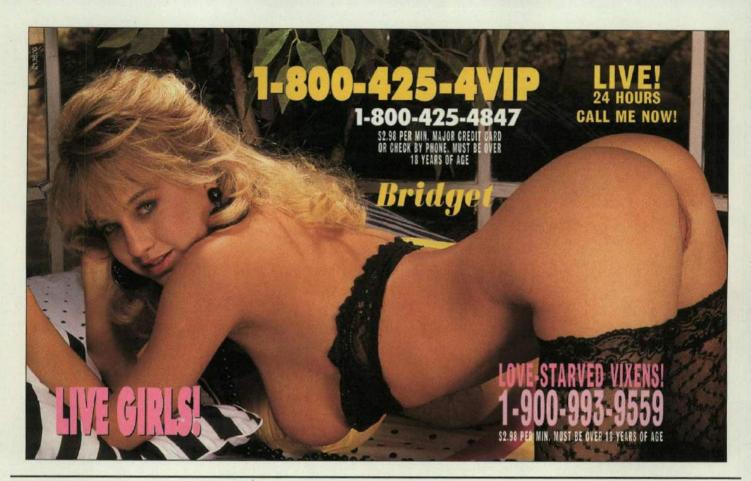
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1800-240-6-U.G.G.
EXPERIENCED CALLERS (Main 19)

R2451

(continued from page 27)

Hot Letters "Deeper in my ass, Santa," she choked. I obliged, along with a few fingers up her pulsating snatch. A torrent of pussy juice splattered onto the toilet seat. Marcy was one hot fucking number!

the shaft was quickly engulfed by her two pale ass cheeks. Like a drowning man in a quicksand of ecstasy, I eased my rod all the way out of her rectum, then penetrated her puckered bung more forcefully. Again and again, I plunged her shithole. Marcy was clawing at the graffiti-laden stall.

"Deeper in my ass, Santa," she choked. I obliged, along with a few fingers up her pulsating snatch. A torrent of pussy juice splattered onto the toilet seat. Marcy was one hot fucking number! As I plowed her butt crop, she reached under and caught my nuts in a viselike grip. The pain was as excruciating as it was exquisite.

Marcy may not have had the biggest hoots I'd fondled that particular evening, but when I pulled out of her hind end and mashed my meat to her chest, she was definitely packing enough up top to coax wad. In a sweaty frenzy, she pushed her twin orbs together and ambushed my manhood from both sides. The frenetic titjob was soon complemented by furtive slurps-whenever my veiny piston darted out of breast valley, and into Marcy's suck hole. She guided my right hand down to the dark patch of pubes that hid her oversized clitoris. With each diddle of my fingers, the walls of Marcy's vage contracted fiercely, in rhythm to the deepening puffs on my peter. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and along with her puckered cheeks, I was reminded of the crack junkies back at the Mission. This pipe, however, was about to spit back. And when Santa came down her chimney, Marcy just said yes. "Fuck yes—ulp," she gagged. I dumped

a load of hot cream, most of which bubbled over Marcy's lips when she gasped for air. My sore, spent penis deflated contentedly, as if to say, This is the best Christmas ever! Sadly, there was little time for revery. The mega-knockered management caught Marcy and I getting dressed, and threw us both out. That blond bitch didn't pay me a penny for all my hard work! Luckily, I swiped a fiver from the register-enough to buy a bottle of malt liquor. I drank half of it on the way to Marcy's, banged her butt a few more times, and left the rest of the 40ounce on little Josh's pillow. Merry fucking -B. F. Christmas.

Hoboken, New Jersey

SNOW BALLS

This has been one of the coldest winters on record. What a time to lose the heat in my apartment! As if freezing my tits off every night weren't bad enough, my car broke down, and the phone got cut off. In order to complain to my landlord, Mr. Kushnik, I had to trudge six blocks through the icy

snow. I guess that's the price I pay for spending more time worrying about my perfectly toned figure, exotic good looks and abundant bosom, than about paying bills.

After braving the sub-zero weather for only ten minutes, I couldn't feel my fingers. Frostbite would seriously hamper my favorite pastime-stroking and pinching my ultra-sensitive clit to a heart-pounding climax. If I ever wanted to masturbate again, I had to act fast. I ducked into a nearby alley and took off my mittens. One hand slid under my bulky winter coat to the white, cotton panties beneath; the other tweaked the erect nipple that poked through my sweater. I felt a familiar burning in the pit of my stomach, which combined delightfully with the sting of frigid winds on my bare pussy. My breath came in increasingly erratic bursts. Soon I felt the velvety contours of my sizzling vage, seeming to melt through every pore of my numb fingers. The intense sensation overwhelmed my better judgment. I dropped my tight pants into the snow, exposing my smooth, bare buttocks to the cold-right there in the alley! Steam seemed to rise from my every inch of skin, which shivered with more than the windchill. I let out a high-pitched squeal, as a warm wave of orgasm almost knocked me unconscious.

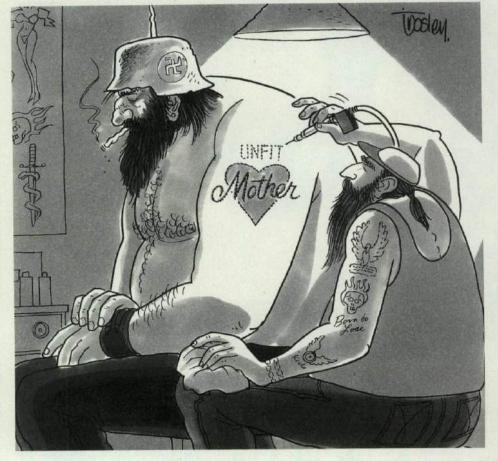
A lewd comment from a dirty bum, with

icicles hanging off his nose, was the only thing that brought me down from post-come bliss. I quickly pulled up my pants and flipped the degenerate a pussy-drenched bird. As I walked on to Mr. Kushnik's, I got angrier and angrier. So far, I had risked hypothermia and endured sexual harassment, just to defrost my apartment. By the time that balding old bastard Kushnik answered the door of his veritable Taj Mahal, I had whipped up quite a plot for revenge.

"Who the fuck are you?" he barked, clad only in a tank top and boxers. I opened my parka to reveal the delectably nude form underneath.

"Just call me an early Christmas present," I cooed. Kushnik's eyes grew to the size of my mouthwatering boobs. I tried not to crack up as the cigar fell from his open mouth, and a mysterious bulge threatened to tear through his shorts. Tossing aside the coat, I laid my naked glory on the cold ground, and began slowly writhing. "Wanna make a snow angel?"

The horny toad slumlord didn't waste a minute. He dove between my legs and devoured my gash like a bald-headed horse at the salt lick. At first, the sight of Kushnik's chrome dome in my lap made me snicker, but his tongue was so undeniably talented, laughter turned to sighs of pleasure. My ass jerked in uncontrollable spasms, from hor-



HUSTLER HOLIDAY ISSUE











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Hot Letters I swept my long, dark hair down his stained T-shirt, and took in as much of the footlong as my tonsils would allow. "You got a mouth like a largemouth bass, baby," Kushnik growled.

monal frenzy as much as the desire not to freeze off. I met his mouth with every lick, bite and suck. Kushnik inserted a single, stubby finger, and cunt gravy seeped between my legs and into the snow. If I didn't somehow pull his head away from my muff, I'd probably pass out from sexual exhaustion before Kushnik got a chance to taste my wrath as well. The most obvious point of distraction was the whopping hose monster he jerked with a spare hand. I swept my long, dark hair down his stained T-shirt, and took in as much of the footlong as my tonsils would allow.

"You got a mouth like a largemouth bass, baby," Kushnik growled. "Let's take this wrestling match inside before the neighbors notice. Besides, I'm colder than a nun's cunt, and that ain't good for my bum ticker." My response was to ingest his hairy organ all the way to the base. I finished my sword-swallowing act with a viscous glaze of spit, then hand-polished his rod to the angriest erection I've ever seen. Kushnik's face turned as red as his alcoholic nose. I straddled him in the snowbank.

At first I intended to only twat-gulp an inch or two of Kushnik's prick; there was no sense in allowing him to enjoy this grudge fuck. When I felt that hot poker sear open my slit, however, the fire that burned through my half-frozen body sent those plans up in smoke. I eased down his pole slowly, afraid that its immensity might tear me apart. Finally, my ass touched his balls. For a few moments I was simply motionless, savoring the delicious feel of my loins filled to the brim. Then Kushnik began to fuck me. I dug my nails into his shoulders and hung on for dear life.

"Harder," I hissed. "Ram it in the way you fuck your tenants!" A glimmer of confusion flashed across Kushnik's face; then vanished as I buried a tit in his mouth. My nipples, already rigid from the cold, rose like tiny dicks that could poke his eyes out. He sucked at the pink nozzle like a blood-sucking vampire—excuse me, landlord.

"H-hot fucking pussy," babbled Kushnik through chattering teeth. "So hot but so f-fucking cold can't feel legs gonna p-pass out...." The old miser wouldn't be awake much longer; I'd have to hurry to get my rocks off. I laid my body back to give Kushnik a majestic view of my swinging, pendulous floppers, and watched his meat pound my pussy lips black and blue. Climax rippled through my every nerve ending, and the world went as white as the handful of snow I was rubbing against my clit. A familiar sting explained my inability to focus-Kushnik's gusher had sprayed off in my face! Sure enough, when I wiped the goo from my eyes, the hairless old money-grubber was standing above me with dick in hand, and a smile on his thin lips. Before he could recover from what was undoubtedly the best spurt of his life, I darted into Kushnik's house and locked the front door.

"Hey," he screamed, banging on the window. "Let me in, you crazy bitch! I'll freeze to death out here!"

I laughed triumphantly. "That's the idea, you rotten bastard! Now you'll know what it feels like to live in one of your shoebox apartments!" With that, I kicked back in his La-Z-Boy, relaxed in

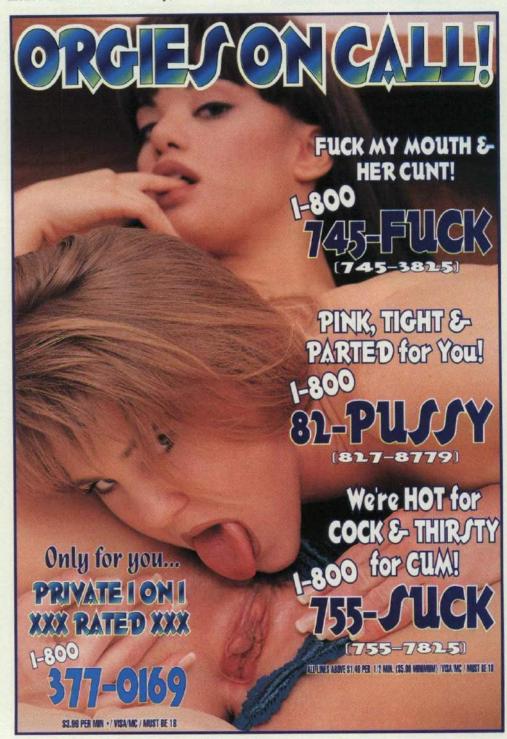
front of the fireplace, and listened to Kushnik yell about beating the living shit out of me once he got inside. The threats were music to my ears.

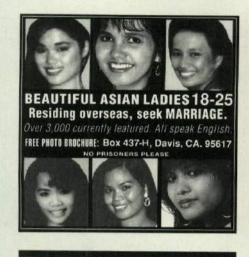
Unfortunately, I forgot to lock the back door. I'm now writing from an intensive care unit. I hope they let me stay here a while; it's heated.

—A. B.

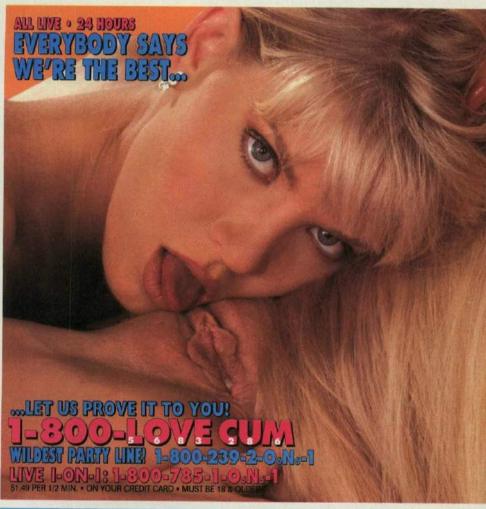
Libertyville, Illinois

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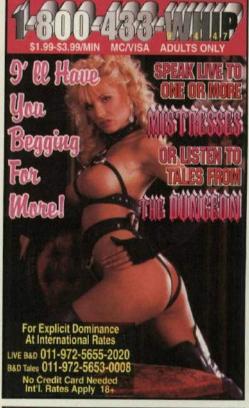
















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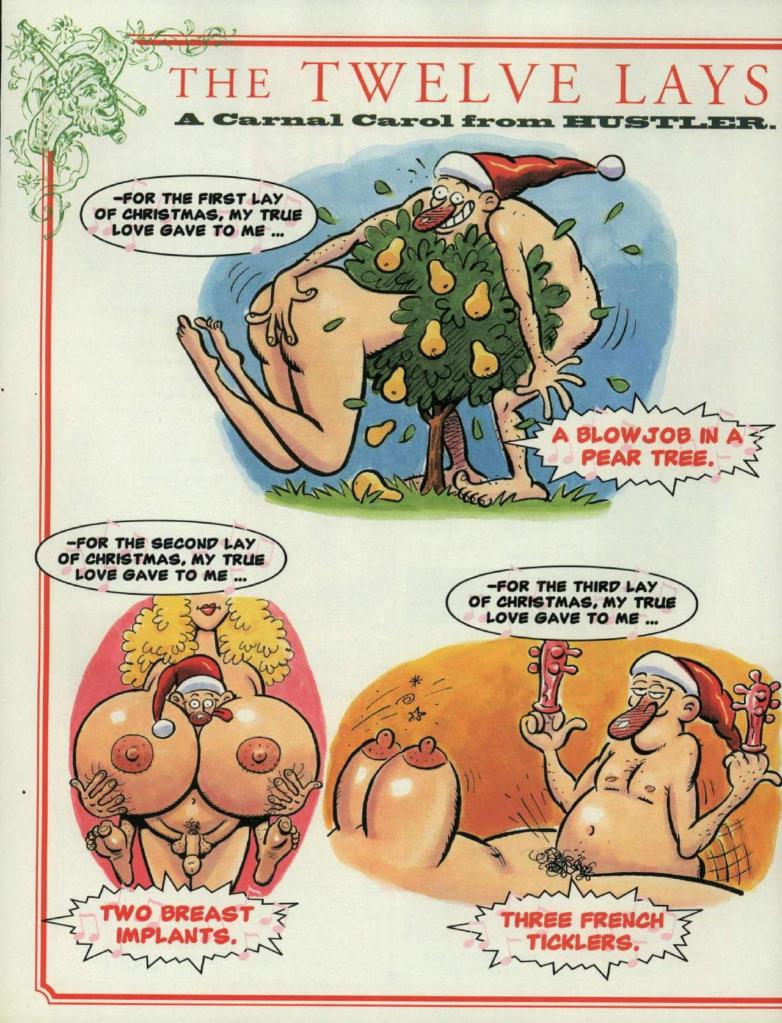
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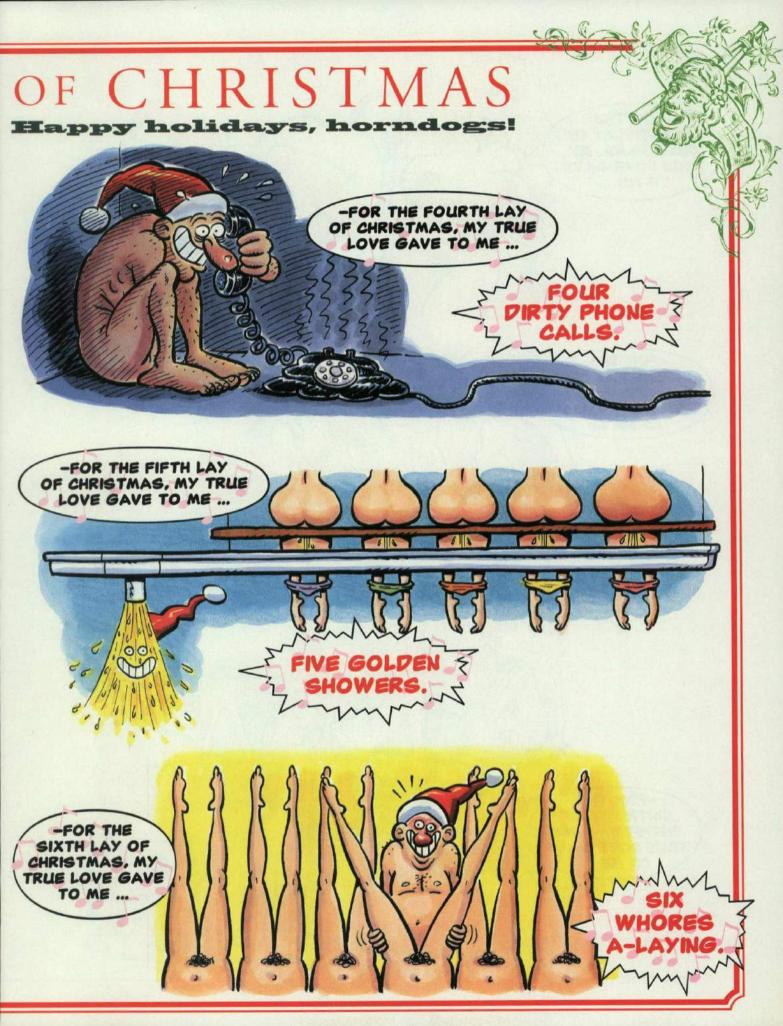
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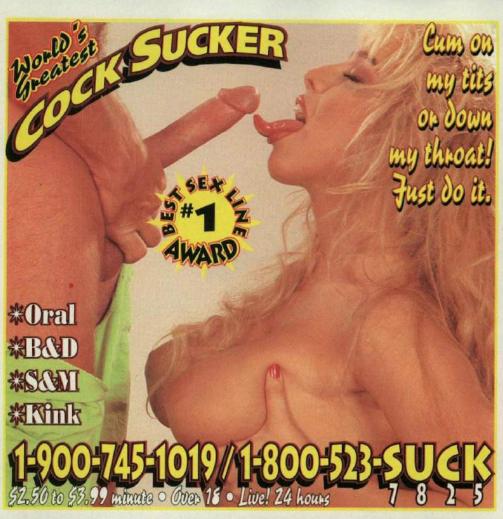
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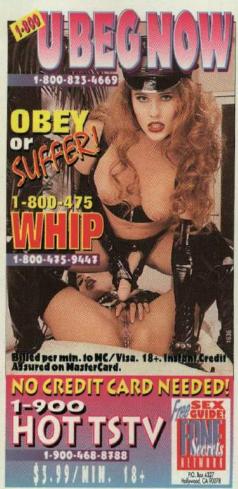
















SEX PLAY

Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Virtual Slut

Secrets of an Internet Imposter

As Confessed to Walker Martin -

Eric French is not your typical computer nerd, but he has, he admits, "come dangerously close." Like many children of the 20th century, Eric works with computers every day. At his job, where he does the bookkeeping for a wholesaler of powdered drink mixes, he uses an IBM PC, crunching numbers on modified spreadsheets. At home he has a Macintosh, which he uses to write and "occasionally" play.

Then a friend told him about the Internet—specifically, Usenet, the part of the network that services the "newsgroups" or "forums." According to Eric's buddy, Usenet was crawling with deviates. More than 100 of the forums were sex-related, inviting curious perverts to connect with like-minded people discussing everything from lingerie and spanking to bestiality and necrophilia. The Internet would not only get Eric laid, implied his friend, but would put him in touch with girls who wanted to be beaten up, drug fetishists, diaperwearing whores, insatiable cocksuckers. Eric bought a modem and the hype—briefly.

"Let me ask you something," Eric demands now. "You think a girl who loves to suck cock that much needs to come out on a computer network?"

Eric's been burned, and he wants revenge.

"Half the people on the network are hookers," he fumes, "half are guys hiding behind a computer screen hoping to find some sexy computer bitch who'll actually suck their cock, and the other half are a bunch of politically correct '90s types exploring their 'inner sexuality' on the Internet because they can't afford group therapy. It's pathetic. So I thought I'd have a little fun. And let

me tell you something: People are fucking stupid. They'll believe anything."

"The first message I posted was in reference to a guy who wanted to open a discussion of 'male breast sensitivity,' " Eric recalls. "He said he wanted to know if it's possible to achieve orgasm by nipple stimulation alone. He hadn't been able to 'complete the experiment' because his wife always got too tired. I responded, saying that I had achieved many a hearty cork-popper through nipple stimulation, but I had my girlfriend shove a carrot up my ass first, and did that count? Two weeks later, he posted back saying he wasn't sure if it counted or not, but 'my sex life has vastly improved! I wonder what the girl at the grocery store thinks when I stop by every night on my way home and buy a big bag of carrots!'

"I mean, this is great. First, I like to think I made a guy happy. Second, I think it's incredible that anyone would shove carrots up their butt because some asshole on a computer network suggested it. What if I had told him to shove an apple up there? What the hell does his wife think about all this?"

The forums are satisfying, Eric allows, but for more hands-on fun, he and his buddy Jake stalk the personal ads.

"With the personals, there are two ways you can go," explains Eric. "Either place a fake ad, or respond to someone else's ad, which is always a guy. Real girls don't place personals unless there's something wrong with them.

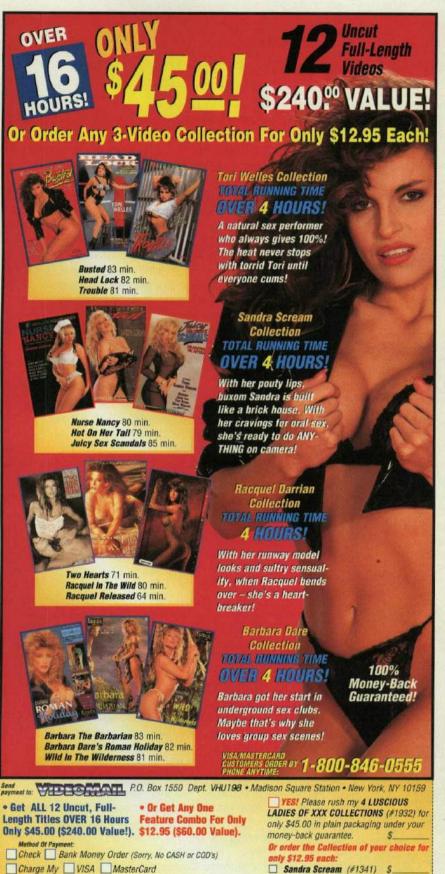
"Responding to an ad isn't nearly as fun as placing one. It could have a really tragic downside. We don't just stand the guy up—we go to the meeting site and check the bastard out. Usually it's some fat piece of shit who stinks of truck-stop cologne and breath mints, combing his hair every five seconds; so we have a good laugh at his expense, maybe have him paged to get him really worked up. But one time this old guy shows, with flowers and candy, all gussied up in a suit and tie. You could tell the guy was a gentleman. And he must have been around 70 years old. His ad had just said 'older man' looking for younger woman. It had never occurred to us to ask how old. Anyway, we didn't feel like harassing him. It's not like we're in the antique business."

Eric sighs. "But what happened was that we went to meet—or observe, I should say—another blind date we set up, and the same guy shows up. Candy, flowers, everything. Christ, I wanted to cry. The guy looked so lonely. He reminded me of my grandfather after my grandmother passed. But what could I do—tell him I was the one pulling his pud? Nahh. I just laid off responding to other people's personals for a while and started writing my own.

"That's one of the best parts about placing the fake ads—writing them. I just bang out the wildest shit I can think of. Bored Catholic girl searching for the right



Illustration by Mary Fleener



ACCT. NO.

ADDRESS.

SIGNATURE -

I certify I am 21 years of age.

STATE.





Sex Play The ad went something like this: Hi. I was Miss Blowjob of 1994. I want to get back into training for this year's event, and I'm looking for sparring partners.

man to corrupt her—drugs and sex a must. Absolutely no commitments! But it's not a totally fulfilling experience until you see the loser who actually shows up for the date.

"Jake had a good idea. Instead of making a date with someone and then standing him up and going to check him out, we made dates with dozens of guys and checked them all out.

"The first time we did it was with Miss Blowjob '94. The ad went something like this: Hi. I was Miss Blowjob of 1994. I want to get back into training for this year's event, and I'm looking for sparring partners.

"The first thing to do is get the guy's E-mail address so you can contact him personally. Not too hard to do if you're the dick-sucking champion of Orange County. Then we deal with them one at a time. Gee, you sound all right. Are you sure it's okay if I practice giving head to you Saturday night? Meet me at so-and-so bar. I'll be wearing a black miniskirt and a white T-shirt.

"This chick is obviously a whore or a fake or a psychopath, but man, we're waiting in the bar to see just who's gonna come walking in—we made the same date with, like, 20 guys—and sure as shit, right on time, guys start strolling in, all trying to be cool, looking around. Jake and I are dying. There are older guys, jocks, student types—a nice cross section of America. And they all sense that something is amiss—like, why is everyone alone?

"But then something happened that we hadn't counted on: A girl walked in wearing a black miniskirt and a white T-shirt. Duh! What the hell had we been thinking? Lots of girls dress like that. So all heads turn around to check out the Queen of Cocksuck, and a few of the guys don't waste a second and go right up to her—it's pretty obvious by now that everyone is there to meet her, and some guys are already betting that she's gonna suck off the entire bar—and they say, 'Howdy. You must be Miss Blowjob.' I never laughed so hard in my life. This poor girl turned white as a sheet before she slapped three guys across the face with one shot and took off."

Eric isn't the only phony lurking on the Internet. With anonymous servers and phony Email directions, it's easy to pull the veil down.

"I know a few guys who go on-line pretending to be women," reveals Eric. "Some of them are guys who've failed in their own attempts to score and are getting some sort of petty revenge by making the same monkey out of everyone else.

"I know a guy who had an on-line thing with somebody who claimed to be a woman. Oh, man, this bitch or whatever had this guy drooling. She had a fetish for heels and stockings, and did he like that? She loved to suck cock—did he like to have his cock sucked? He'd come on all romantic—did he like French impressionism? Well, heck—French impressionism was her favorite! Of course it was. They made a date to meet at a museum, and whatta ya know—he was stood up. He spent the afternoon with Monet. What an asshole.

"There was another guy who was on an S&M newsgroup and began some kind of slave-master relationship with a-ahemwoman. He was the slave, and she would tell him to do all sorts of things to prove himself worthy. This included dressing up in women's panties, inflicting pain on himself, heavy humiliation. The deal was that if he proved himself worthy, she would meet him in person. So he does all this wacko shit and sends a few Polaroids in the snail-mail [Net slang for "mail." 1. And that's that. He gets a message back telling him he failed, fuck off, and if he even thinks about contacting this dominatrix witch, she's gonna send the pictures to his wife. Dumb son of a bitch should've gone to the museum."

Eric's personal favorite Internet assassination caught him by surprise. "I wrote this ad: I'm an 18-year-old nursing student. My friends say I am outgoing and bright. I enjoy rock music, going to the beach and sex. My prob-

Iem is that I'm fat and ugly and can't find a man to close his eyes and make love to me. Are you that man?

"When I placed that ad, I had no idea it would receive the volume of response it did. A friend of mine said, "What do you expect? It reads like free sex. It's all pink on the inside."

"I wrote back to these men saying how eager I was to have sex, but romance and style were very important to me. When we met, I'd know them because they were to be wearing a suit and tie and a hat, 1940s style, and carrying one red rose. All of the men I made a date with showed up at the same time looking like cheeseball versions of Humphrey Bogart—bad suits, bad ties. Lots of greasy hair and really painful acne cases. But there were also a lot of normal-looking guys just looking for an easy fuck.

"When they all show up dressed like that, not only do they know they've been had, but everyone else there knows how desperate they are. They're all there to fuck a girl who even says herself that she's fat and ugly. And they've been identified as computer jerkoffs. Not exactly the boldest display of machismo in the face of your fellow man. Very embarrassing situation. I enjoyed it very much."

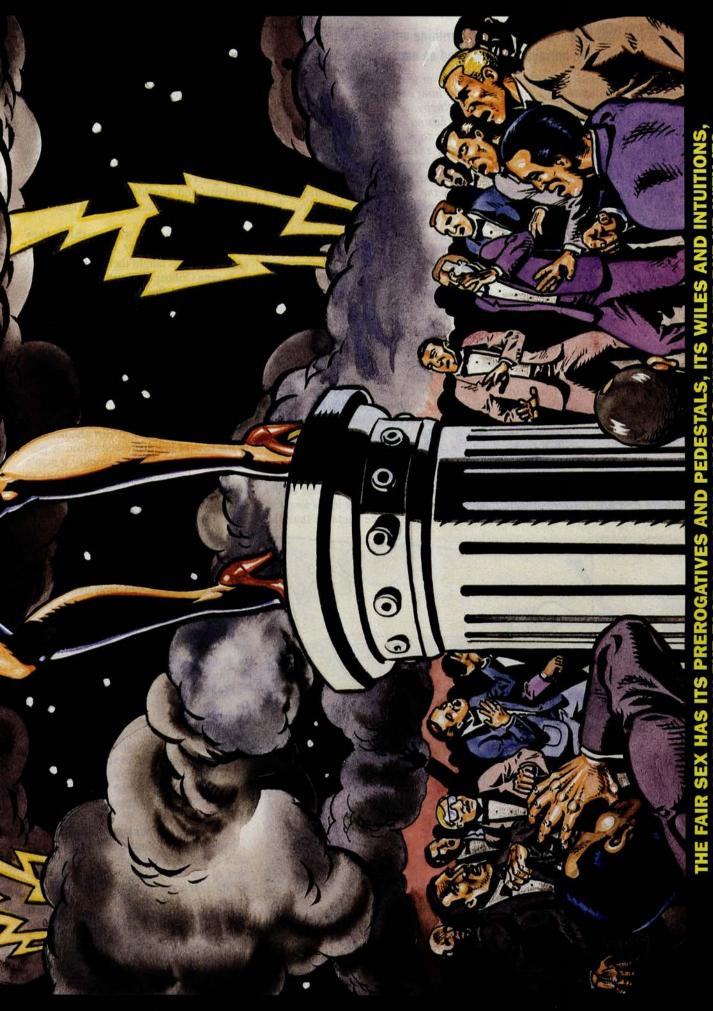
If I told you to shove a computer up your ass, would you do it? I didn't think so.



"Nonsense. Newt Gingrich is not under your bed."

WHAT MAKES THEM SO SPECIAL?





ALL PUSSY FARTS IN THE FACE OF MORTAL MAN. SO WHY DO WE PUT UP W THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE DEMYSTIFIED BY ALEX MARVEL * ILLUSTRATION BY SPAIN

Women In the guise of feminine wiles, such ladylike prerogatives as fickle devotion, haughty trickery and sparkle-eyed betrayal are accepted as usual, customary and charming.

Sensitive, caring Alexander Cricket is afraid something is troubling his baby, 22-year-old power-butt, high-shelf blond stunner Cindy Rugby. When something is troubling Alex's baby, something is troubling him. "What is it, baby?" he asks, reaching out to comfort her. Cindy slouches in the passenger seat of Cricket's '65 Malibu Super Sport, staring morosely into the night. "I sense something is troubling you, Cindy, and that troubles me."

"Alex," she insists accusingly, "I went to a psychic yesterday. He saw some turbulence forming around the relationship aura. Suddenly, I feel as though I hardly

know you.'

"But we've been going together for 16 months," wheezes Alexander, his breath taken away by Cindy's abrupt, troubling tone of suspicion. "I mean, what don't you know about me?"

"How do I know you won't find some other woman and leave me?" she concludes, as if this absurd question proves

her point.

Alexander cannot believe his ears. He looks at Cindy, and he cannot believe his eyes either. Cindy's are the kind of good looks for which sensible, grown, powerful men abandon their families, cheat their partners and kill their brothers. Clearly, Alex is in over his head. "I

would never leave you," he promises.

"But how can I know that?" presses Cindy Rugby.

Alex has no idea how he can prove his devotion to her, but Cindy does. Her notion of ensured fidelity is Alex's car, for her to drive, whenever she wants.

One night, about two days since he'd last seen the vehicle, Alex is waiting for a bus. He spots Cindy in his Malibu. The car is being driven by Alexander's burly mechanic, Morton Lacrosse, a crass, unscrupulous grease monkey who has long coveted Alex's ride.

On the phone, once Alex is able to catch up with her, Cindy is understanding, but less than apologetic. "Morton was just lubing your undercarriage, Alex. You should be grateful to him. I mean it, honey," she oozes. "If we'd seen you, we'd have stopped and given you a lift.... You know I can't wait to see you again."

Alexander Cricket is out in the cold, or maybe he's still warm and fuzzy after all. He can't be sure, and the only person he can go to for assurance is Cindy Rugby, who is the cause of all his doubts in the first place.

Women are different from the rest of the human race, and they never let us forget it. The female's essence dictates that she behave in a manner that confounds as many males as it amuses. Caprice, cunning and remorse-free duplicity are wholly repugnant traits when exhibited by a man, which is why lawyers and politicians are so roundly and justifiably hated. In the guise of feminine wiles, however, such ladylike prerogatives as fickle devotion, haughty trickery and sparkle-eyed betrayal are accepted as usual, customary and charming.

Question: Why do women think they can get away with it? Answer: Because experience has taught them that they can.

Joanna Cribbage, a fresh, fully bloomed flower of taut flesh and enticing roundnesses, with a face that blossoms in suffusions of innocence, beatitude and sensual rapacity, is habitually late. If Joanna agrees to a date at 8:30, she expects her male escort to wait patiently until quarter past nine. She never brings any money, even when she invites a man out as a treat, and it is his birthday. She demands undivided attention from any male in her life, but reserves the right to flirt shamelessly in the face of her distressed suitor. A gossip, she will divulge and amplify a man's sexual and personality shortcomings to any woman he might potentially fuck, and also to the next five guys she blows. She will open a man's last beer, take a sip, and put her cigarette out in it. Still, Joanna Cribbage is one of the most sought after females of her generation.

We, the men, have spoiled Joanna Cribbage, but who can fault us? Look at her, for God's sake. Few mortals have the strength to resist her sticky blend of sugary sweetness and dripping sex appeal. Who among us can firmly deny such a carnal candy cane her every mad-

dening idiosyncrasy?

Walter Whist, Joanna's current worm, is weak. "Sex with her is great," he allows, "but she always kisses her cat before she kisses me; and whenever we fuck, she calls her old boyfriend right afterward and asks if he still misses her."

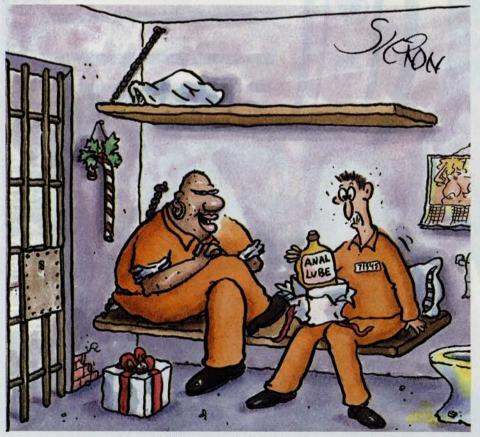
"Is that a problem?" asks a concerned consortium of guys at the bar.

"Well," admits Walter, "yes, in fact, it is a problem."

"What are you, Walter? A faggot?"

Unlike women and queers, men don't stick together. Each male marches to the beat of his own dick, and our dicks beat for thee, Joanna Cribbage, in a cutthroat competition for your choice pieces. Our gender disloyalty, akin to the lack of unity among sexually frenzied beasts, is why Joanna Cribbage believes she can get away with murder.

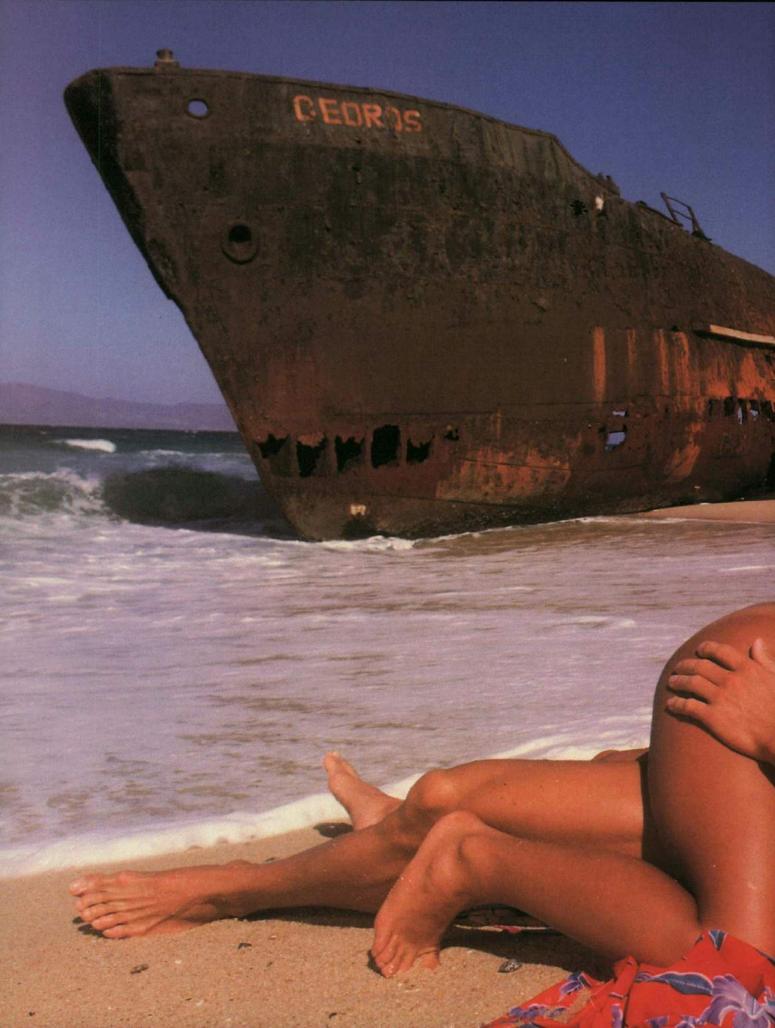
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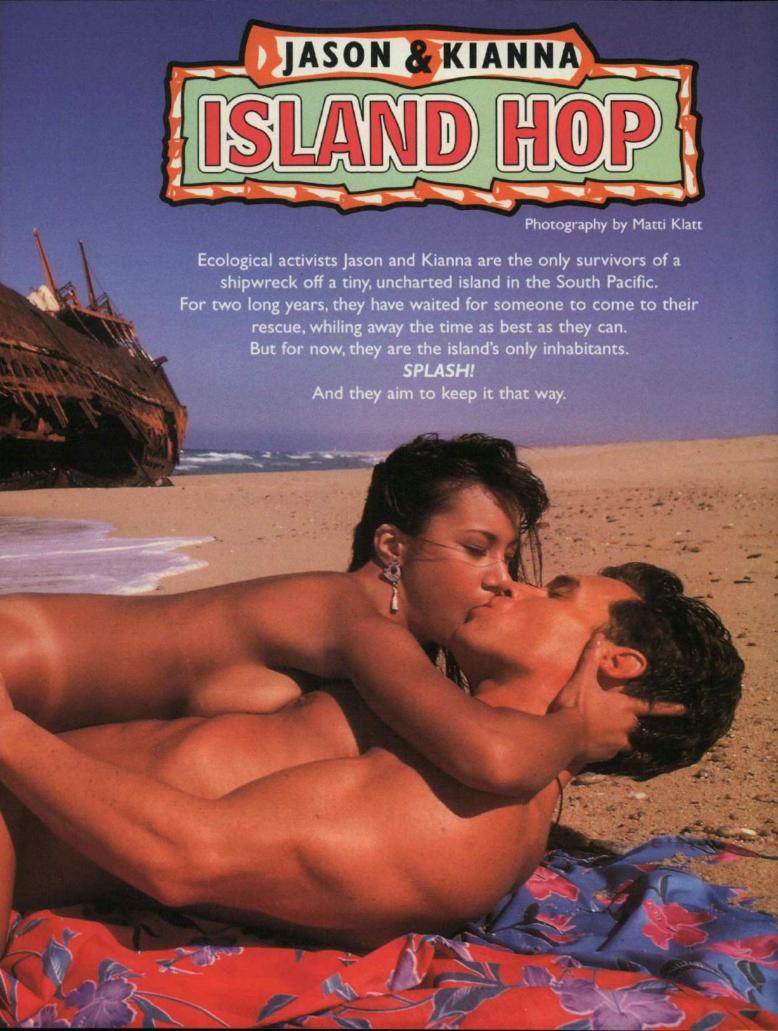


"Merry Christmas, Billy."



"Hey!"





















(continued from page 50)

Women Left to themselves, the female tribe soon degenerates into squabbling factions of primitive squaws, bellies out, faces greased with startling, savage unquents, mouths crammed with diet pastries.

Question: What makes women so special? Answer: The penis's innate, overpowering urge to do more than just piss its life away.

Women would be nothing without men, but it's convenient for them to lose sight of that fact. Left to themselves, the female tribe soon degenerates into squabbling factions of primitive squaws, bellies out, faces greased with startling, savage unguents, mouths crammed with diet pastries, chewing openly. Flicking spittle and cake crumbs in all directions, the gumflapping cows belabor the fine points of diuretics, tampons vs. panty shields, positive aspects of Richard Simmons, the joy of alimony and other topics that are intrinsically and exclusively female. Observed in their own little world, women aren't troublesomely special to men at all.

Marcus Squash is a waiter at Il Putressa Pinche, a favorite haute trough among fashionable, high-end broads. "The ladies who luncheon wear Dior and Chanel, they go to the best plastic surgeons, the most expensive therapists, the most elite personal trainers. These women are the wives and the mistresses of the richest men in the country, men who demand the best of everything-especially the best women," explains Squash, a wasp-waisted slip of a wonder boy who played the part of Peter Pan three years running in his junior college's musical revue. "These ladies are the top of the heap, but they do not see me as a man, and therefore they feel free to indulge their true manners. They behave like barnyard animals, squealing, slopping, rolling one another in the muck. The farting and burping I have endured!

"But let a real he-man step into the room, and these wallowing sows transform instantaneously into seductive princess brides. Theirs is the magic of feminine allure, a bewitching power that I wish I possessed."

The secret ingredient to the feminine mystique is a man's five senses. If we were not here to perceive them, would the sweet things even exist?

"A woman's fragrance is for me striking, penetrating to my inner core, where I live," rhapsodizes Colin Skittles, a Wisconsin dairy hand. "Whether perfume, bath lotion or the natural scent of her arousal secretions and sweat, the female aroma is special to me."

"I live through my tongue," confesses Francois Baccarat, a mustard sales rep. "Taste is not about style; it is about flavors—the sweetness of a young girl's cherry lips, the slight citrus tang found behind a lady's ear, the mouthwatering freshness of a minty erect nipple, the heady, gamey musk that lies between the

thighs. Woman is a feast of many courses, a banquet that is very special to me."

"My ear is attuned to the mellifluous tones of the golden-throated goddess," warbles professional piano tuner Dean Draughts. "Where the voice of burbling womanhood rises and trills in the sweet harmony of vocal orgasm, I follow. There's something special about the way every individual chick talks."

"The eyes are the windows to a person's soul," pontificates Randall Fencing, an optometrist's assistant from Norwalk, California. "My soul, I believe, is located directly adjacent to my balls; and the images I bring in through my eyes have the power to elevate me. The contours of a shapely buttock as defined by a cinch of faded denim. A pair of pouty, upwardsloping girlie breasts poking up through a baby tee. Mischievous eyes twinkling with desires both natural and untoward. I can see it all now, and I'm feeling special just thinking about it."

"The experience of women should be a hands-on process," opines Clarence Quoits, a woodworking hobbyist and professional sculptor. "Once I get my fingers on one, I can't let her go. I've just got to rub my face on the satin-smooth, twinpeaked softness of her chest and the downy billows of her behind. My stomach and chest yearn to slide and glide across the velvet firmness of her undulating stomach. My cock? It nearly bursts out of my pants in its urgency to immerse itself in the exquisite, sensual stroke of her liquid sleeve. Is that special? Not any more special than the air I breathe."

Question: Why do women think they are better than us? Answer: Because they so seldom splash urine on the toilet seat. That's the only reason. Through a fluke of anatomical engineering, their bladder stream requires no conscious aim, and the subsequent illusion of urinary control allows them to justify everything else.

Brutally violated members of the male fraternity are quick to point out that their cloven-gender counterparts, though innocent of leaving residual piss traces on the porcelain throne, are often guilty of offensive behavior of a far more extreme grossness. Her menses-mired tampons, deposited where they might easily be withdrawn and put on view by a fellow's dog; the smear of her cold-cream facial mask across a man's costly linen and precious libido; the mess she and her ilk make of an unfortunate human's reputation; the truly ugly damage she does to an innocent yob's credit ratingwhat are a few droplets of yellow water in



RESTROOMS



Women Anyone who has a functioning pussy and the will to misbehave is seldom required to provide an excuse for anything she does.

the face of such nefarious rudeness?

"Woman," quoth writer Geraldo Polo in his masculine-empowerment manifesto, Smell My Finger: Messages From Men Who Swim With the Tunas, "treats the world as if it were her personal bidet. She envisions herself in some sort of elevated position, raised above the common level of man. From this exalted ego state, she flushes out her snatch in the stream of humanity's tears; she quim-spits her douche water in the face of a drowning mankind."

Polo has a theory. Women habitually operate on what they take to be a higher plane than that on which mere reality-grounded individuals function. The indignities heaped by females upon males are simply the actions of a further evolved species toward the more primitive lower orders. "So, in effect, what I'm saying," spurts Polo all in a rush, "is that women treat us like we treat a horse, a steer or other unit of livestock."

Feminist rhetoric has long held that the earth would be a healthier, happier, friendlier planet if females rather than males were running the place. These same strident, thin, fluty voices maintain that due to her carrying and delivering the young, the female is more attune to biological rhythms and cosmic patterns than is the oblivious oaf who impregnated her. Her sensitivity, her intuitiveness, her ability to select the most expensive item off any menu while blindfolded, qualify her to reign over the lesser primate whose seed aches to splash across her prim, condescending, elevated face.

Or does a more sinister explanation apply? Might the female not, after all is said and done, act the haughty harridan simply because she's a bitch?

"The female's arrogance toward the male stems not out of any malice inherent in feminine DNA," clarifies Polo with passionate, intense conviction. "Her mien of superiority comes from her certainty that, were the tables turned, she would be kind and good enough to lift the toilet seat prior to making her deposit and set the thing down upon conclusion."

A man who religiously keeps a pristine, whiz-free john won't do himself any good. Any woman worth her snizz will intuit that the scrupulously clean mook is only keeping tidy out of deference to her because, after all, she is a superior kind of being.

Question: Female excrement—does it stink or not? Answer: Only when it's from an ugly one.

Anal sex. Guys want it. Broads endure it as yet another exhibit of our animal, inferi-

or natures. "Men are addicted to poking us in the butt," pontificates Ariel Curling, a womyn's studies professor at College of the Cloud Thought in Providence, Rhode Island, "because it brings us down to their level. The angry white male desperately needs to de-elevate the more-evolved female in order to feel higher himself."

"In truth," counters anthropologist Randolph Croquet, who, before recent budget cuts, had been picked to head a federal commission charged with decoding and improving gender relations, "the penis wielder's compulsion to root rectally in any woman he loves springs from a sense of wonder that she is, in fact, sweeter than a summer rose to his enchanted nose. Stirring up her crap hole further amplifies his keen sense of her miraculous olfactory properties. After all, he has placed his most prized possession in the grip of her vile waste products. When he's done, and pulls out his dick from her turd pocket, it's more pleased than it had been when it was wafting in the pure air."

Question: What's the most common female excuse for inexcusable behavior? Answer: Anyone who has a functioning pussy and the will to misbehave is seldom required to provide an excuse for anything she does.

"My girlfriend is a total monster," brags Stanley Mah-Jong. "In fact, she's a cunt. She fucked my dad, and he gave her herpes and the car that he had bought for me. I know she felt bad about how upset that made me, but I can't be sure she apologized because my dick was so far down her throat, I couldn't understand her pronunciation."

Question: Women—can we live with them? Can we live without them? Answer: Yes, but only for a little while.

Our brothers in prison know about doing time. There's good time, and there's bad time. The same applies to extended periods with and without female companionship. Good things become bad things eventually, and bad things sooner or later come to an end. That end does not necessarily come with a gun barrel pointed into the mouth. An over-duration of anything becomes intolerable. Live with flux. It is always fluxing back.

Question: Are women irreplaceable? Answer: Consider the alternatives.

What else is a guy going to do with the best years of his life—accomplish something? The only alternative to women is another woman.



"This just in: You are having a dream, and your alarm clock is about to go off any second now!"





"My parents thought I was crazy to switch careers," admits former magazine editor Laura, now the only girl hand on a cattle ranch in Montana. "But I couldn't stand being cooped up behind a desk all day in pantyhose and pumps. I wanted to ride long and hard in the open air, under the moon and stars. And be around horses. I love horses." Laura gets a dreamy look in her eyes, then shakes her head. "Besides," she says,

smiling, "where else could I room with

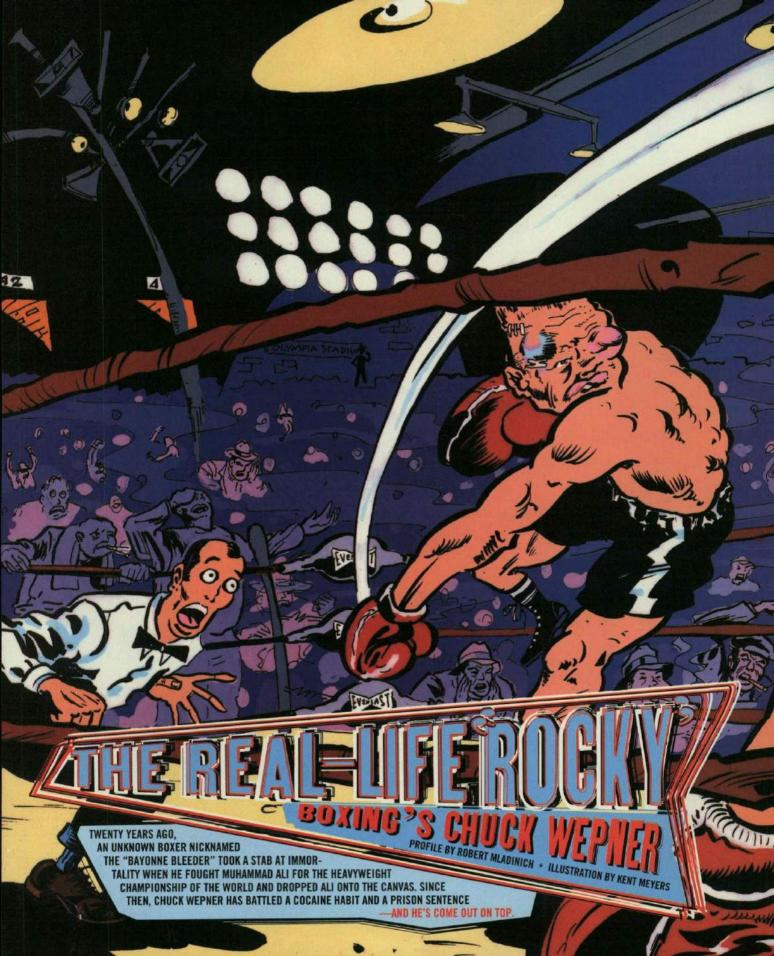
Photography by Clive McLean













Real-life "Rocky"

Known as the "Bayonne Bleeder," Wepner had a

tremendous local following based on his gallant face-first style and propensity to bleed as if stabbed with a shank.

It was a chilly evening in October 1994, at a swank East Bronx, New York, catering establishment called Marina Del Ray. The New York City Police Department Policemen's Benevolent Association (PBA) boxing team was tangling with a team of London bobbies, and numerous boxing luminaries and local sports celebrities were in attendance.

Former and current boxing champions such as Kevin Kelley, Juan Laporte and Mark Medal—local boys all—were there. Medal, a junior middleweight champion during the early 1980s, is now a Jersey City police officer. Also invited were former New York Yankee ballplayers Joe Pepitone and Gene Michael. Pepitone was the last Yankee to hit a grand slam in the World Series, back in 1964. Michael is now the general manager of the team. They all received warm applause from the audience of several thousand.

But the crowd went wild when a 6-5, solid-bodied 55-year-old, his German, Ukrainian and Polish features still somewhat intact after 14 years of meeting pummeling fists, walked into the ring to address the audience. Nearly 20 years after coming up from nowhere to challenge Muhammad Ali for the heavy-weight boxing championship of the

world, Chuck Wepner still brought down the house.

One cop marveled, "it's unbelievable. It's like he's an American folk hero."

Chuck Wepner was a 35-year-old journeyman boxer with a 30-9-2 record when he fought the champ in Cleveland, Ohio, in March 1975. He had toiled on the club circuit for a decade, fighting for a couple of hundred dollars per bout and a faceful of stitches.

Wepner had never heard the word defense, and his offense consisted of a few rudimentary boxing skills coupled with a repertoire of crude, dirty tactics learned on the job in tank towns such as Walpole, Massachusetts, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, and in a host of now-defunct New York fight clubs that resembled back alleys with walls. Known as the "Bayonne Bleeder," Wepner had a tremendous local following based on his gallant face-first style and propensity to bleed as if stabbed with a shank.

The Ali fight transformed the Bayonne Bleeder overnight into an American icon, the model for Hollywood's favorite underdog boxer, Rocky Balboa. Wepner relished his newfound fame.

"I was king of the Jersey shore," he

declares. "King of all New Jersey, for that matter. I was hitting clubs regularly, and everybody wanted to be with Chuck Wepner. I had some heavy friends, and was running with some crazy people. And everywhere I went, there was cocaine."

The fast lane ended abruptly in November 1985.

"One day somebody asked me to deliver something," Wepner recounts. "I knew what it was: three ounces of cocaine. I take full responsibility. It was a sting operation. Somebody got busted and bought off their time by giving the Feds Chuck Wepner. I got arrested by the DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration]. They had 12 cars following me all over Jersey. They didn't fool around."

Wepner faced a possible life sentence for cocaine trafficking, but steadfastly refused to become a government informer.

"Look, honestly, I never made a dime off that stuff," he insists. "It never even dawned on me that getting it for somebody was a crime. Anyway, I have nothing but respect for the police, and in a strange way I'm glad all this happened. It probably saved my life.

"But my makeup would never allow me to be a rat. I did the crime, and I knew I had to do the time. When my lawyer suggested I become a rat, I wanted to fire him on the spot. He knew my character, and I couldn't believe the nerve of him suggesting I become an informer. I was ready to accept my punishment."

To spare his family any undue embarrassment, Wepner copped a plea to ten years. He now had many nights in New Jersey's maximum-security Northern State Prison to reminisce over his past travails, as well as his night of glory in a Cleveland arena.

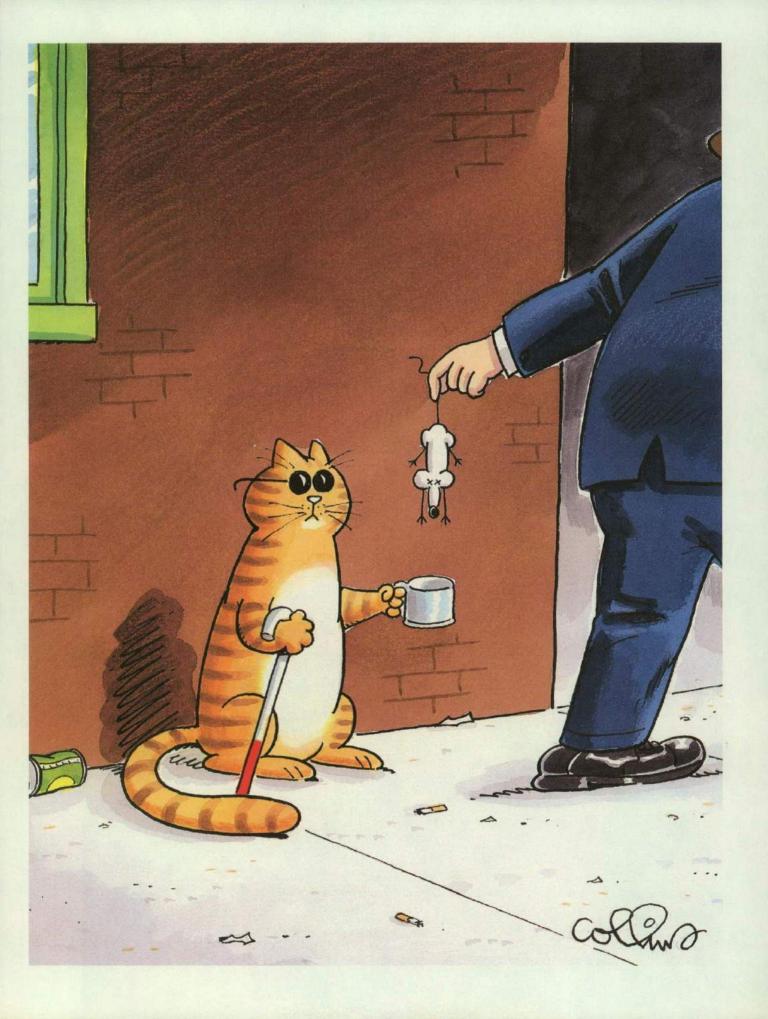
The Wepner legacy began 55 years ago in the Bayonne, New Jersey, projects, where Chuck lived with his mother and brother. He knew that his father, Charley, was a New York City Housing police officer and former pro fighter, but had never met him.

As a child, Wepner was a target of neighborhood bullies—a problem he rectified at age 13, with two fights in one day.

"I took on the two toughest guys in the neighborhood," he remembers. "I beat them both up bad. I was never bothered again by anybody."

(continued on page 80)











SCIPIES Baes

"Mmmm," marmars university student Lisa, digging into a fresh piece of fruit on the first lazy day of her winter holiday. "I've been dreaming of this. I like to run my tongue up the split in the nectarine's skin before biting into it and feeling the warm flesh burst into my mouth, sweet and tart at once; then I nibble and suck antil the sticky juice runs down my chin. There's nothing like it."

Oh yes there is.









Real-life "Rocky" "You know, most people live dull lives, never get a

(continued from page 72)

break. But with one punch, I could be a millionaire, and my name would mean something for a long, long time."

After high school, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps, dabbling in boxing to pass the time. Four years later, in 1964, he returned to Bayonne with less direction than he'd had when he left.

"I was 24 years old, working as a bouncer," Wepner relates. "The bar owner urged me to enter the [New York City] Golden Gloves. It was my last year of eligibility." He met his father for the first time during the finals.

"It was right before the final bout," remembers Wepner. "My father had retired and had been living in Florida. He heard I was in the Gloves and came into my dressing room before the bout. He said, 'I'll be in the audience tonight, and I'll be rooting for you." Wepner not only won the coveted New York City tournament, but went on to win the national tournament several months later.

By that summer, he had embarked on a professional career that would last 14 years. He retired in 1978 with a record of 35-14-2 (17 knockouts). With the exception of a fifteenth-round knockdown by Ali, he was never decked-testament to both an iron chin and an iron will.

"Even when Ali knocked me down, that was from total exhaustion,' Wepner maintains. "I was up at six, the referee counted to eight, and he stopped the fight with 19 seconds to go."

Wepner gan into two formidable obstacles on the road to Ali. In 1969, he tangled with George Foreman at Madison Square Garden in New York City. Foreman was fresh out of the Olympics and carving a bloody path to his first heavyweight title, which he won from Joe Frazier in 1973. This was long before Foreman became old, bald, fat and lovable. He was a wrecking ball thenbrutish, mean-spirited and extremely powerful. He stopped Wepner in three rounds, but never knocked him down.

"George was phenomenal," Wepner declares. "Boy, could he punch. He never lost that punch, and he became a lot more sensible fighter in his second career. But, you know, he wasn't even the hardest puncher I ever faced."

That distinction belonged to another boxing legend. In 1970, Sonny Liston was brought east from Las Vegas to fight Wepner in Jersey City. The Wepner brain trust hoped that a win over the aging former champion would enhance Chuck's reputation.

Thinking that Liston was a marquee name well past his prime was a major error in judgment. After ten of the bloodiest rounds in boxing history, Wepner resembled a Mexican piñata. By the time the fight was stopped in the final round, he would need close to 100 stitches to patch himself up.

Wepner gave much less than he got, but he never went down, prompting one writer to ask Liston if Wepner was the bravest man he knew. "No," Liston replied, "but his manager is."

Wepner's manager was Al Braverman, a 60-year veteran of the sport currently serving as Don King's director of boxing.

"Chuck was the gutsiest fighter I ever met," raves Braverman. "He was in a league of his own. He didn't care about pain or cuts. If he got hit low, or elbowed, he never looked at me or the referee for help. He was a fighter in the purest sense of the word. He would get a bad cut, and it would be like a scratch to him."

In fact, Wepner refused any painkiller during his four-hour suturing session after the Liston fight.

"I didn't like the stuff," he says. "Besides, I was used to little stings by then. I used to cut myself worse shaving."

Wepner was actually only moonlighting as a fighter. He worked full-time as a liquor salesman and nighttime security guard at the local General Electric plant. He'd never had any major financial backing in his career, and had never been to a training camp.

The upcoming Ali fight changed that. Braverman set up a seven-week camp in the Catskill Mountains, where Wepner worked himself into a frenzy, acquiring a feeling of newfound invincibility.

"I realized in those mountains that a miracle could really happen," remarks Wepner. "I could become heavyweight champion of the world. I also realized that if somebody had been subsidizing me my whole career, things would have been different. I would have been a much better fighter. You've got to remember, I never trained full-time for a fight in my life, except for Ali. And I fought the fight of my life against the greatest heavyweight in history."

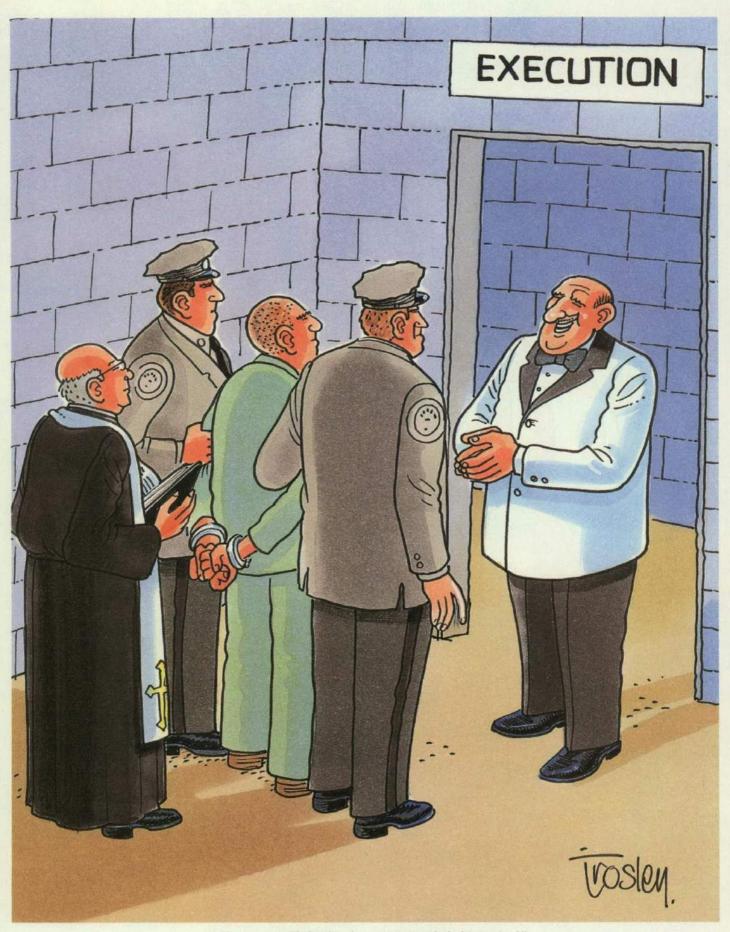
Before the fight, he said in a Sports Illustrated interview, "You know, most people live dull lives, never get a break. But with one punch, I could be a millionaire. My wife [Phyliss] wouldn't have to work on the post office night shift anymore, and my name would mean something for a long, long time."

So confident was Wepner of victory, that on the eve of the fight he took Phyliss to a

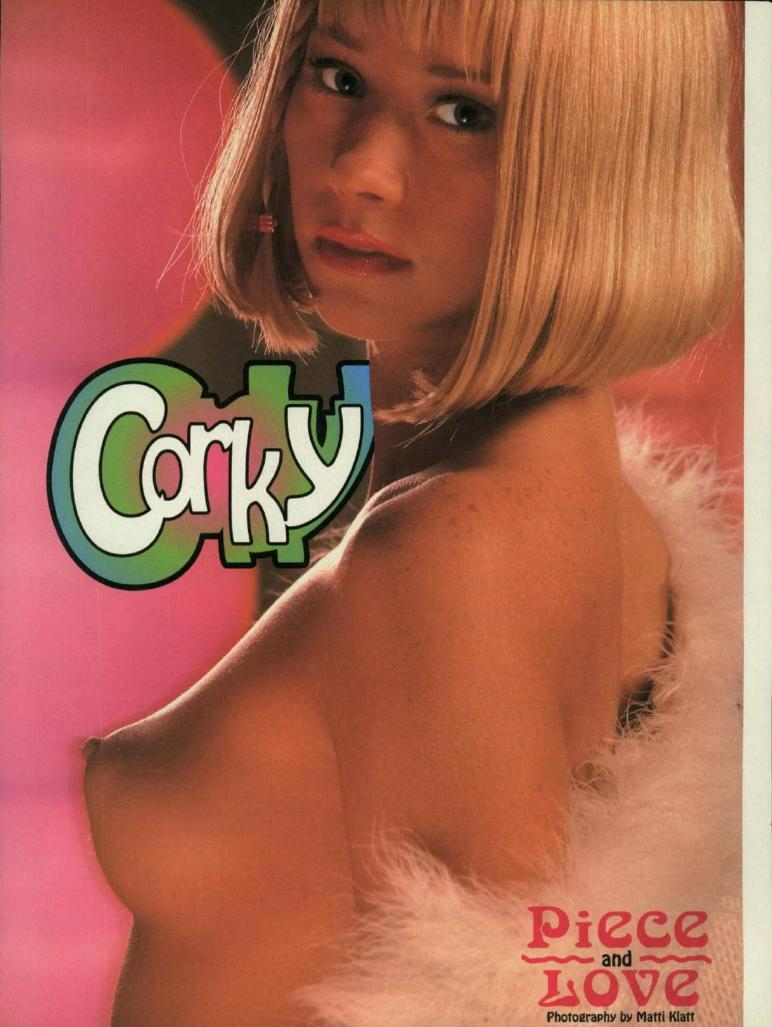
(continued on page 130)



"...Then the bitch started letting every tramp in town sniff her butt!"



"Okay, now, will that be electrocution or lethal injection?"



"Isn't my pad the grooviest?"

demands fashion model Corky, her pale-pink lip gloss gleaming.

"My friends tease me about being stuck in the '60s, but they're just uptight. It was the best time ever! Everyone free and naked and exploring each other's bodies. not caring about whose part was in what hole. or whether it belonged to a guy or girl or both." Corky sighs.

"I was born too late.
All I can do is re-create that time—in every way possible."





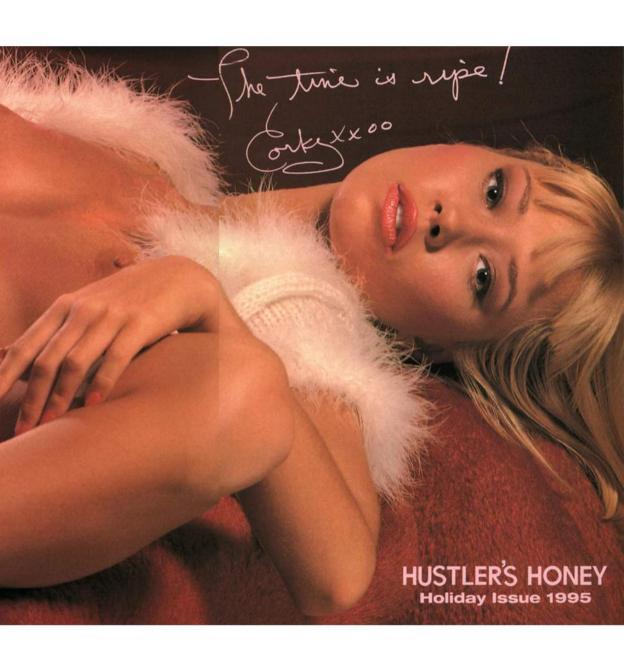
















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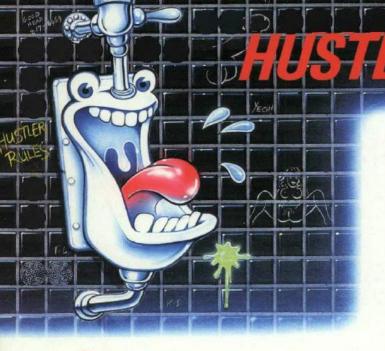
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Suddenly struck by diarrhea, Bob stopped at the first roadhouse he saw.

The place was packed. With no time to ask where the bathroom was, Bob flew up a set of stairs, bounded into a small, dark room, and saw nothing but a hole in the floor.

Bob's stomach gurgled violently. He couldn't wait. He dropped his pants and emptied his bowels into the opening.

Afterward, Bob sauntered back downstairs. To his shock, the roadhouse was empty.

"Hey," Bob called, "where is everybody?"

"Where were you, man," a voice quavered from under a table, "when the shit hit the fan?"

Question: What's the most popular antiperspirant among blacks?

Answer: Unemployment.

Adolf Hitler walked into a bar with his German shepherd.

The Nazi dictator waved his arms, and bellowed: "I'm going to kill five million Jews and ten musicians!"

Intrigued, the bartender queried: "Why are you going to kill ten musicians?"

"See!" Hitler trumpeted to the dog. "I told you no one cares about the Jews!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines grapefruit as: a gay wino.

immy, age six, told his father that he wanted to marry his baby-sitter, Marcy.

"How will you support her?" Tim's bemused pop asked. "After all, you don't have a job. What if you and Marcy have children?"

"I'm not worried," the tyke assured him. "We've been lucky so far."

Dr. Richardson, a tribal missionary, lived happily in a small African village for over a year. One day, the local chief, Umbutu, approached him, frowning.

"You in big trouble," Umbutu admonished. "White baby born to my sister yesterday. You only white man around. You be sacrifice tomorrow."

The doctor thought for a moment, then directed the chief's attention to a nearby hillside, where the tribe's herd of sheep was grazing.

"I know it looks bad," Richardson said, "but observe the flock."

Umbutu was puzzled. "What about them?"

"I count 90 white sheep," the doctor tallied, "but only one black sheep...."

"Okay, okay," Umbutu conceded. "You keep mouth shut, I keep mouth shut."

Question: How did the necrophiliac catch AIDS?
Answer: He made a grave mistake.

Peter's first date with Meg had gone well. As they sat in Peter's front seat on a remote country road, Meg made an announcement.

"I'm actually a prostitute," Meg warned. "If you want any action, it'll cost you \$30."

"Well," Peter shot back, "I have to tell you: I'm actually a cabdriver. If you want a ride back into the city, it'll cost you \$50."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines yeast infection as: hole wheat.

Ross and Johnson watched two dogs go at it on a neighbor's lawn.

"I'd sure like to nail my wife that way," Ross sighed.

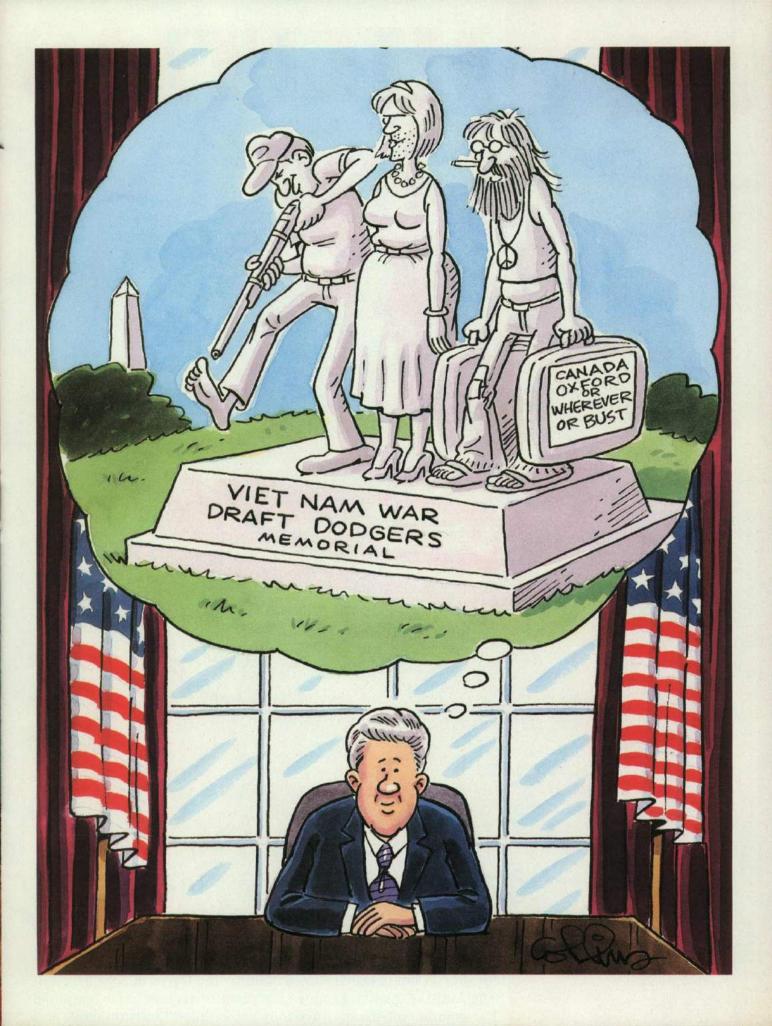
"Get her drunk," Johnson advised. "Two six-packs should do it."

The next night, Ross gave Johnson a ring. "You were only half right, pal," he said.

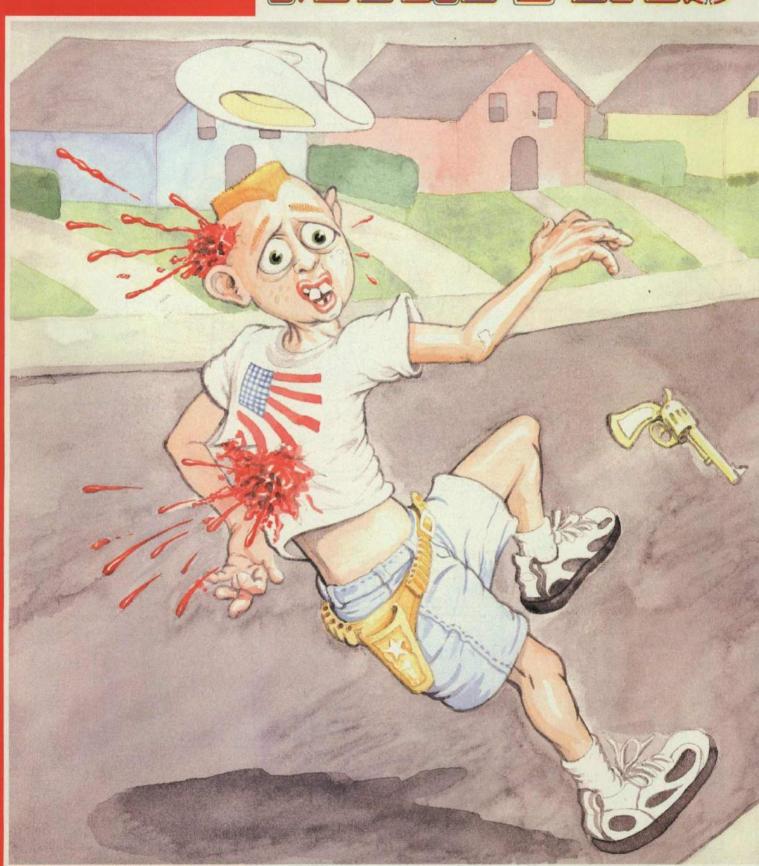
"Half right?"

"Yeah," Ross reported. "Two six-packs were enough for the old lady to take it from behind, but I had to give her almost an entire fifth of bourbon before she'd come outside on the lawn!"

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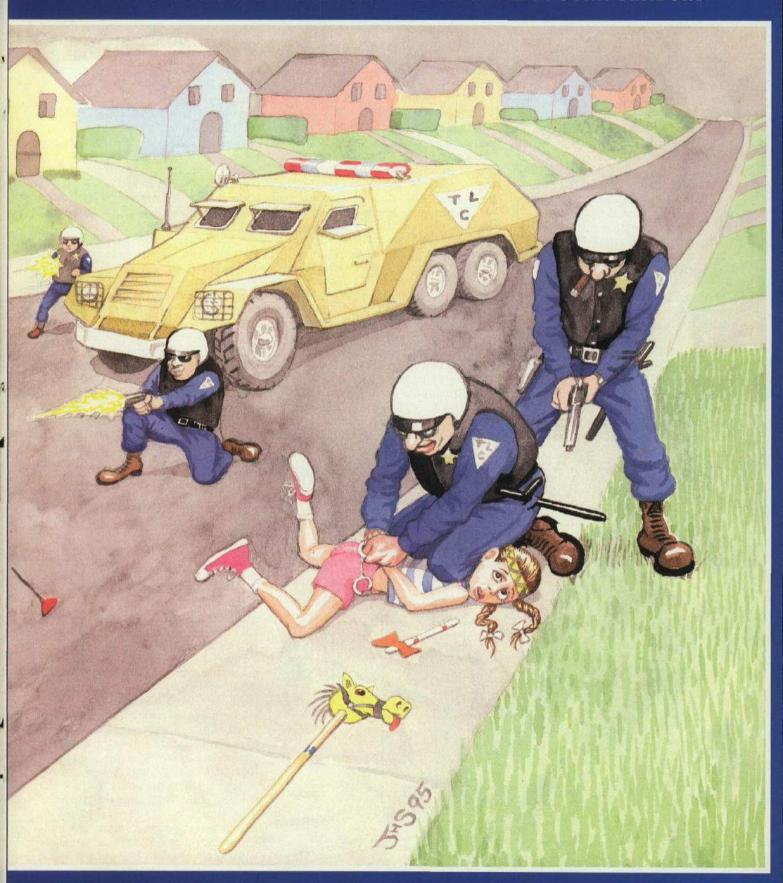
misunderstood MIIIIIII



President Clinton called citizen militias "the forces of organized evil." The Anti-Defamation League calls them "extremist" and "paranoid." But members insist they are only defending a Constitution in peril.

ARE THEY AMERICA'S TRUE PATRIOTS?

REPORT BY LARRY WICHMAN * ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SEABURY



Militias Weaver's wife was shot in the head by an FBI sharpshooter as she stood in the doorway of her cabin with her infant daughter in her arms. It was that fatal round that helped ignite "a seething backlash."

At 2 a.m., June 28, 1995-71 days after the terrorist bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma-Mike Hill, 50-year-old chaplain of the Ohio Unorganized Militia, pulled his car onto the shoulder of rural State Route 16 at the direction of Frazeysburg, Ohio, Police Sergeant Matthew May.

Hill, who served as his militia's chief spiritual advisor and chief justice, had been pulled over briefly several miles earlier by the 24-year-old patrolman, who had continued following Hill after letting him go. Now, Sergeant May, a stickler for rules, allegedly wanted to question Hill about his nonregulation license plates, which read: Ohio MILITIA 3-13 CHAPLAIN.

According to witnesses in a second car that had pulled in behind the police cruiser, Hill, reportedly a peaceful, gentle man with a quotation from Scripture for every occasion, got out of his auto and walked toward May's cruiser. He made no threatening gestures. He didn't draw a weapon. But before Hill reached the rear bumper of his car, Sergeant May opened up on him, firing five rounds-four of which hit Hill squarely in the chest, killing him instantly.

Mike Hill's only crime was association with a movement whose followers had been described as "the forces of

organized evil" in a May 1, 1995, speech by President Clinton.

"The media tells police officers that we're shooting at them," says Ken Adams, executive director of the National Confederation of Citizen Militias, "so this kind of thing happens."

From the moment alleged anti-government activist Timothy J. McVeigh was arrested in connection with the Oklahoma City bombing, America's citizen militias have been taking a beating. Washington portrays them as wacked-out, gun-wielding zealots. Much of the media treats them as part of the lunatic fringe.

The negative criticism is sometimes deserved, as with men like Richard Maness, who says he founded California's Tulare County militia after a judge ordered him to pay child support out of his veteran's disability benefits. Maness responded by attempting to place the judge under citizen's arrest for extortion, and was himself arrested for obstruction of justice and disturbing the peace.

'Some of these guys just ask for it," says Jon Dougherty, publisher of The Constitutionist Newsletter, out of Jefferson City, Missouri. "Recently, [during Congressional] hearings on the militia movement, three or four [commanders] showed up in fatigues. I thought, you know, that's exactly what these guys want—they want you looking like a bunch of half-crazed idiots."

According to Dougherty, radicals account for as few as 10% of the volunteers. "It's been my experience," he maintains, "that the other 90% are legitimate, hard-working doctors, lawyers, business people, farmers-whateverwho are just making some contacts now in case things get worse."

Today's militia movement had its unofficial beginning on June 3, 1983, when a celebrated tax resister and member of the Posse Comitatus militia named Gordon Kahl, wanted for allegedly killing two U.S. marshals, met his death during a shoot-out with federal agents in northwest Arkansas. Kahl became a martyr to Midwesterners, who, caught up in the farm crisis of the early '80s, were fighting to keep the IRS from taking their land.

But the pair of events that would eventually galvanize the militia movement began with the FBI's attempt in August 1992 to apprehend avowed white separatist Randy Weaver at his isolated cabin on Idaho's Ruby Ridge. During the 18-month operation, involving up to 200 federal and state law-enforcement officers, Weaver's 14year-old son and one U.S. marshal were killed. So was Weaver's wife, who was shot in the head by an FBI sharpshooter as she stood in the doorway of her cabin with her infant daughter in her arms. It was that fatal round that helped ignite, as the National Rifle Association puts it, "a seething backlash in the country.'

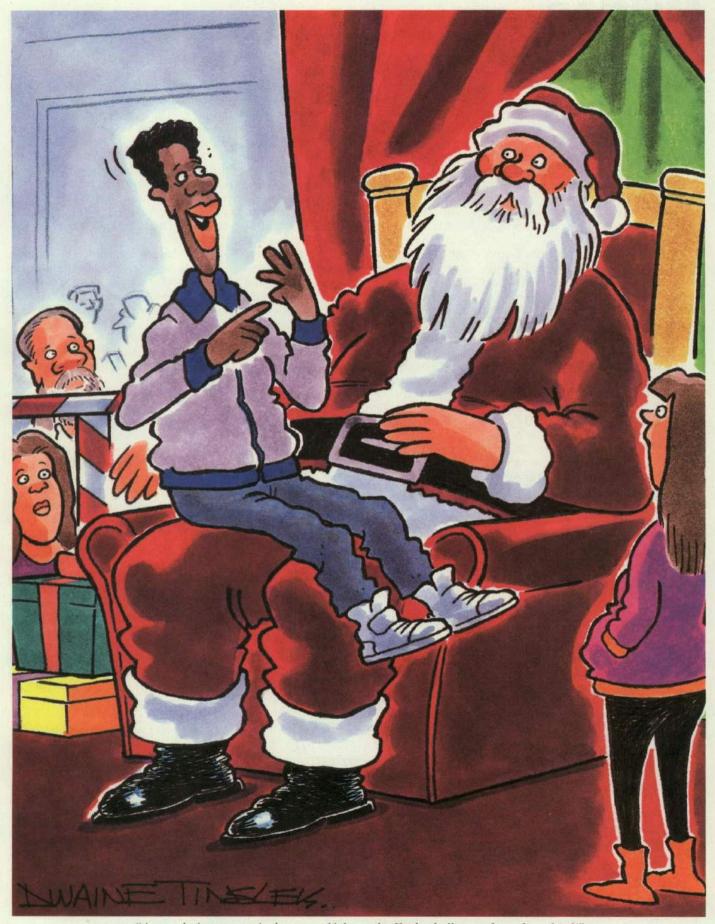
Six months later, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) targeted the cult known as the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas. The initial February 1993 raid-mounted in order to arrest cult leader David Koresh-resulted in the killing of four ATF agents. The operation was then turned over to the FBI, whose agents ended a 51-day standoff with a teargas assault that resulted in the fiery deaths of almost 80 Branch Davidians, many of whom were women and children.

For anti-government sympathizers already fearful that Congress was preparing to enact the Brady Bill-which requires purchasers of handguns to submit to a background check during a waiting period of five business days-the FBI's brutal handling of the Waco affair only confirmed their worst fears. It's been suggested that Waco may have sparked the Oklahoma City bombing, which occurred on the second anniversary of the FBI's final assault.

Nonetheless, James Aho, an Idaho State University sociologist who has



"Oh, that's Henderson from the bomb squad."



"A new designer team jacket, some kicks, and a Kevlar bulletproof vest for school!"

Militias A 1995 Gallup Poll found that there are an estimated 50 million Americans who are currently distrustful of their government and who would use arms to resist if the government became oppressive.

interviewed 368 members of the radical right, claims that despite their reverence for guns, "the vast majority of people in the militias are not violent or dangerous."

"We are not white supremacists or neo-Nazis," insists Danny Scott, brigade commander of the Oklahoma Citizens Militia. "We emphasize staying legal."

Some paramilitary groups are as benign as the Morongo Basin Militia and Yacht Club out of San Bernardino, California, who wage their wars against graffiti. Others volunteer their services locally in times of crisis.

When flooding hit the St. Louis, Missouri, area this summer, for instance, several volunteer militias deployed to help the Missouri National Guard fill sandbags and shore up weakened river banks. According to Constitutionist Newsletter publisher Jon Dougherty, area residents were thrilled to have the extra help. The only complaints came from the National Guard commanders and the state police.

"They didn't want [the militia] around," Dougherty recalls. "But the militia folks were saying, 'Hey, we aren't here to start trouble—we're here to help you sandbag this place.' If nothing else, they provided organized manpower, and that's exactly what was needed. What difference does it make if it's the

Girl Scouts or the Missouri militia?"

Dean Compton, head of the Shingletown, California-based National Alliance of Christian Militias (NACM), notes that such assistance is growing increasingly common.

"During last winter's devastating floods here in California, the militias in Tahama County were called out to help with sandbagging and rescue," he notes. "I also know of militias [back East] that were called out for fires and disaster relief."

According to Compton, the NACM was founded to counter allegations that all paramilitary groups were bigoted, Aryan Nation-type hate-mongers. "Those militias do exist," concedes Compton, who maintains that 85% of today's militias are Christian or Christian-oriented. "[But] in our organization, it's your average guy. If we find out someone is racist, we remove him."

Although the Southern Poverty Law Center claims that 20% of the 224 active militias they have identified have ties to white-supremacist organizations, Irwin Suall of the Anti-Defamation League, which monitors the militias, cautions that many of the others are moderates. "This seems to be a new generation," he says. "These are not the same people we saw in the Ku

Klux Klan or the John Birch Society."

Take, for example, New Hampshire's Hillsborough County Dragoons, whose ranks include whites, Asians, blacks and Latinos. "I'm pro-choice, and I donate money to PBS," says Dragoon leader Fitzhugh MacCrae. "How subversive is that?" His unit regularly performs charitable acts, such as shoveling snow for the elderly. But the Dragoons are also staunch supporters of the Second Amendment right to bear arms—a position shared by all within the movement.

Because there is no centralized command structure, no one—not even troop commanders—knows the exact strength of America's civilian paramilitary. According to *Time* magazine, the estimated number of active militia volunteers is less than 100,000, spread over 40 states, while the NACM claims that militia membership nationwide may be as high as 10 million.

More to the point, an April 27, 1995, Gallup Poll found that there are an estimated 50 million Americans who are currently distrustful of their government and who would use arms to resist if the government became oppressive.

Militia members point to the sheer volume of federally legislated rules and regulations that govern the lives of U.S. citizens. In 1992 alone, Congress passed 1,397 federal laws and resolutions, and generated 62,928 pages of regulations—each of which has the force of law after 60 days. Among them was a law making it a federal crime to sell a peach smaller than 2% inches in diameter in California.

"You used to be able to own your own land," the NACM's Dean Compton complains. "You couldn't have your land taken [by the government] because of a ferry shrimp that lived under the ground some place. You couldn't have your house violated by people who didn't have any probable cause."

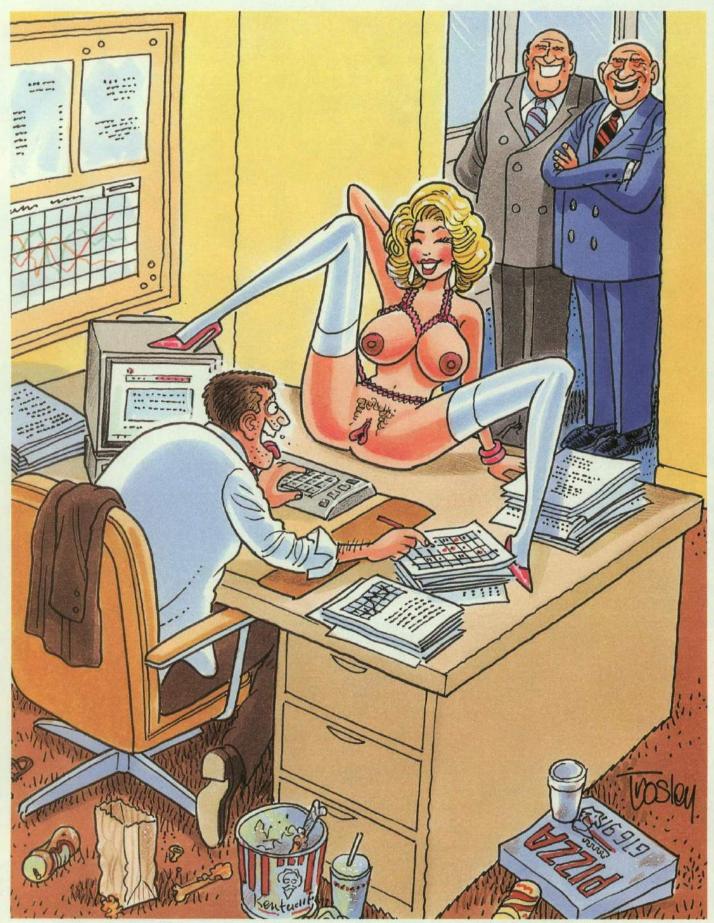
"The thinking is that the government plans to subjugate us to a spiritual, political and economic Babylon," says Norm Resnik, a shortwave-radio talk-show host in rural Colorado.

Resnik is referring to the paramilitary's widely held belief that by the end of the century the federal government will, by executive order, declare the U.S. Constitution invalid. The interim government will then surrender sovereignty to the United Nations (UN) in order to become part of a New World Order—a worldwide socioeconomic system controlled ultimately by the Trilateral Commission. The Trilateral Commission, a conclave of

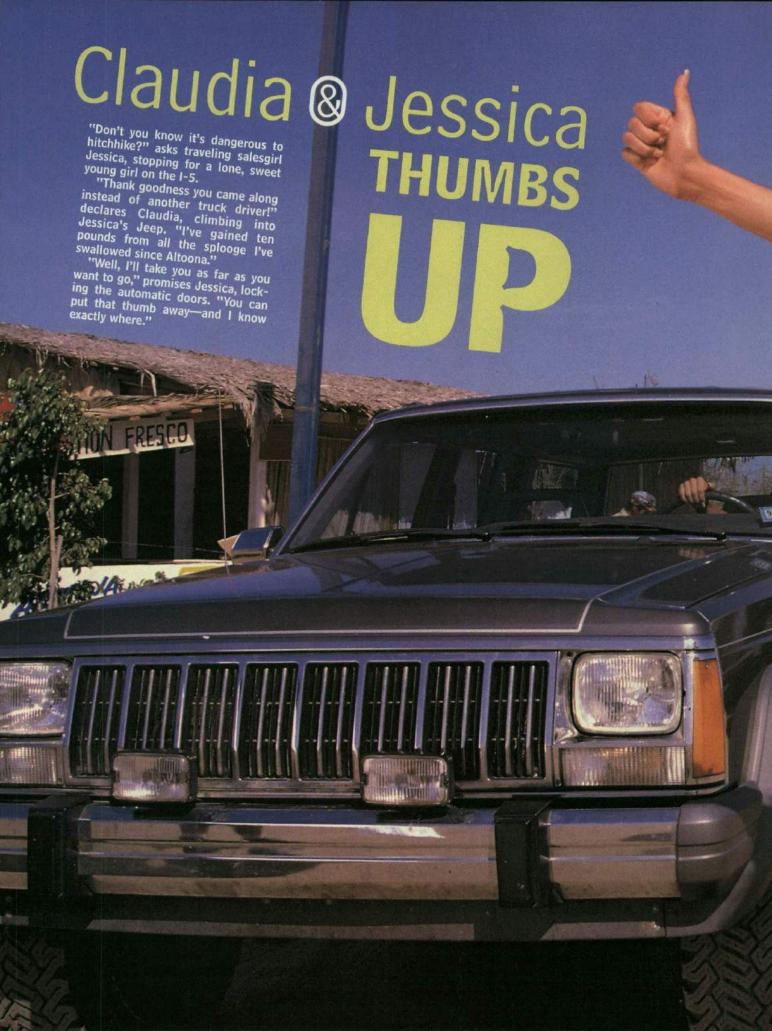


"Well, if we grease the right palms, I think I can get the prosecutor to drop the burglary charge!"

(continued on page 108)



"It is expensive, but it keeps him at his desk weekdays, weeknights, weekends, holidays...."

















Militias Defending his pro-militia stance, Senator Rogers told a reporter, "I see a group of people who are patriotic and want to exercise their right to preserve and protect the Constitution. What's wrong with that?"

American, European and Japanese business leaders and politicians established and partly funded by U.S. banker David Rockefeller in 1973, counts George Bush, Bill Clinton and Henry Kissinger among its members.

"You have to admit it's pretty ominous," says The Constitutionist Newsletter's Jon Dougherty. "These guys [in the Trilateral Commission] own three-quarters of the world. And why would you get together in one place, at one time, if you didn't have an agenda?"

While many of the beliefs of these selfdescribed patriots are chalked up to paranoid delusion, there is legislation in place that would allow the government to stage an internal coup-for example, Section 90107 of the 1994 Omnibus Crime Bill (OCB).

This portion of the OCB authorizes "the President [to] declare a State or part of a State to be a violent-crime or drugemergency area, and [to] take appropriate actions," which includes the use of federalized national guardsmen or "any Federal agency." Section 180102 of the OCB further authorizes "multi-jurisdictional Task Forces" to be funded with "assets seized as a result of investigations" to be used "to enhance the operations of the task force and its participating State and local law-enforcement agencies.'

Using the war on drugs as an excuse, the U.S. House of Representatives recently made it even easier for law enforcement to circumvent Fourth Amendment prohibitions of illegal search and seizure with the passage of House Resolution 666, which curtails the need for a valid search warrant in cases of drug interdiction.

"As a matter of fact," says Jon Dougherty, "when [H.R. 666] was being debated, Representative Melvin Watt of North Carolina introduced an amendment that used the exact language of the Fourth Amendment, and it was defeated 303 to 121."

Dougherty also notes that Congress is allowing the ATF to reportedly engage in an illegal activity. "[ATF Director] John Magaw was on the Hill five or six months ago testifying that every time [a gun dealer] goes defunct or closes shop, [the ATF] get his records, and they computerize them. Well, that's in blatant violation of the Gun Control Act of 1968, which states right out that you can't [force gun owners to] register firearms in America. This guy admits it on Capitol Hill, and they haven't done a damn thing about it."

The Oklahoma City bombing and the resultant fear over homegrown "militia" terrorism provide Congress and the President with a spin-doctored rationalization for broadening the power of federal law enforcement. Indeed, the White House took the first step only seven days after the tragedy.

Although a White House-sponsored counterterrorism bill had been languishing in Congress during the month prior to the bombing, on April 26, 1995, President Clinton introduced a redesigned package that was quickly passed by the House. [The bill had not been passed by the Senate at press time. Ed.]

The initiative would broaden federal jurisdiction in cases of terrorism, give the FBI access to phone bills, credit reports and transportation records of suspected American terrorists, and call for the hiring of an additional 1,000 federal law-enforcement personnel. Cost to taxpayers: \$2 billion.

Of particular concern is the initiative's expansion of federal wiretap laws to include transmissions emanating from a computer or a cellular phone. Under amendments to the 1986 Electronic Communications Privacy Act, mere suspicion of any federal felony could justify electronic surveillance of a person's Email and cellular phone calls, while making it almost impossible to suppress such evidence during trial, even if it had been illegally obtained.

According to Herman Schwartz, a law professor at the American University in Washington, D.C., the initiative represents pure political exploitation. Federal law enforcement, he asserts, has used the Oklahoma City disaster to justify "a rush to expand the authority given by the [1986] statute in ways sought for years by the [FBI]."

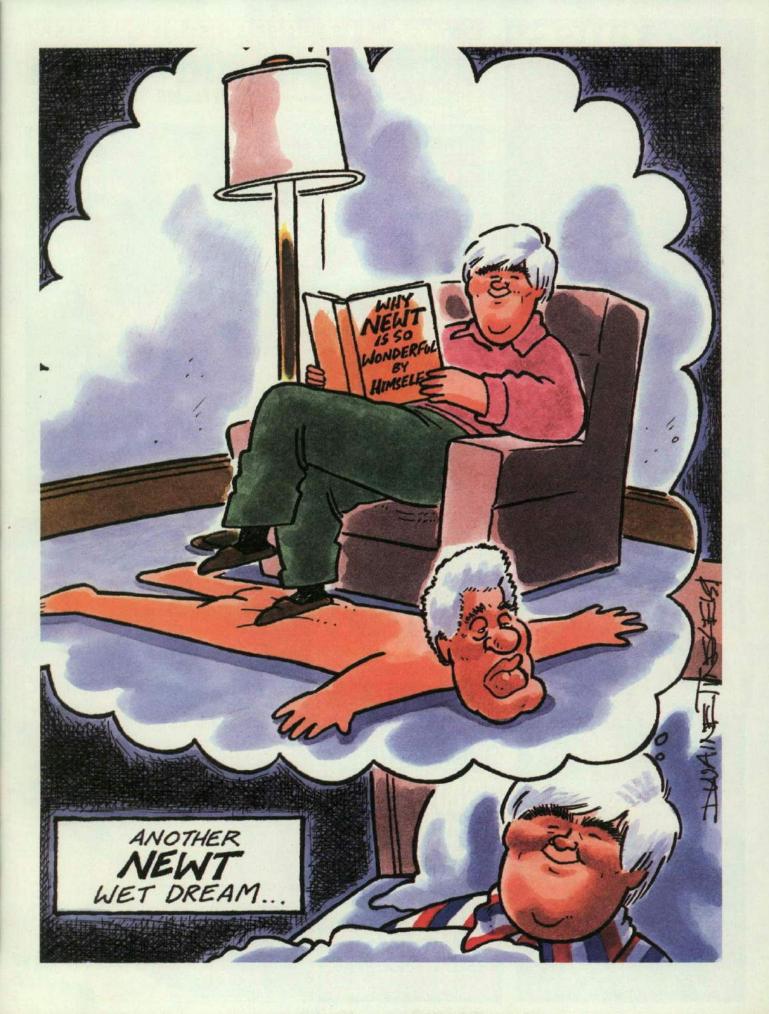
Despite the current fearful attitude toward militias, they are a growing political force. In the November 1994 elections, for example, powerful House Judiciary Committee Chairman Jack Brooks, of Texas, was defeated by Republican Steve Stockman, an admitted supporter of citizen militias.

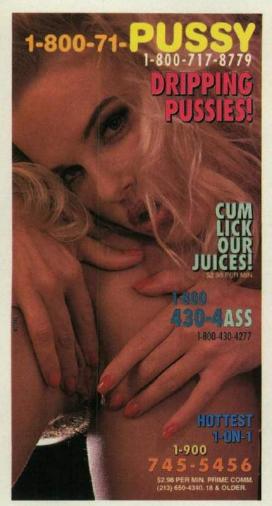
Out west, elected officials are showing support for militias through public statements and proposed legislation. On December 4, 1994, newly elected California State Senator Don Rogers introduced a bill seeking safeguards against a global government takeover by the UN, and authored an amendment adding the right to bear arms to the state Constitution.

Defending his pro-militia stance, Rogers told a Northern California News Satellite reporter, "The movement I see growing is a group of people who are patriotic and



(continued on page 116)

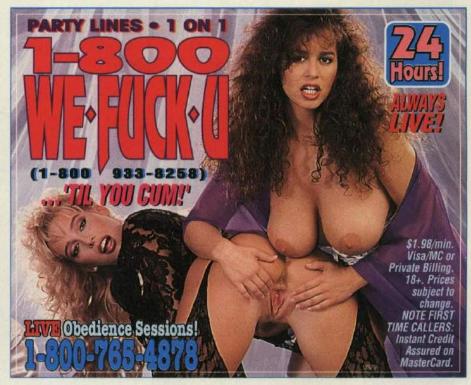






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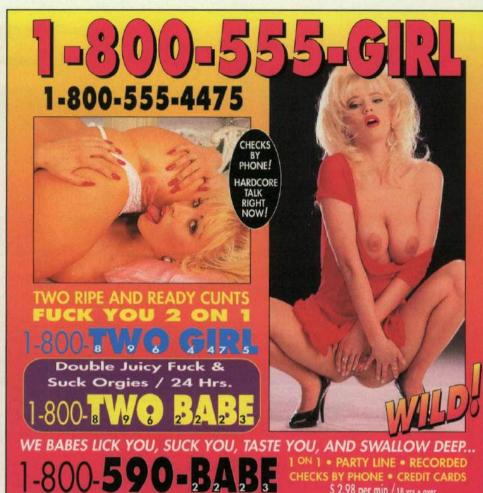
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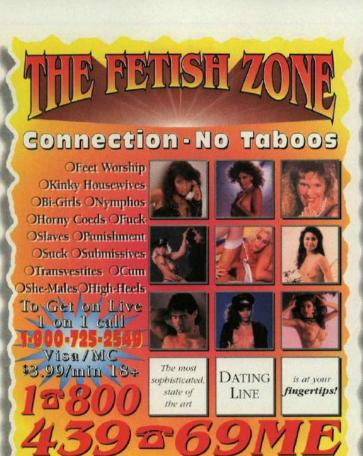


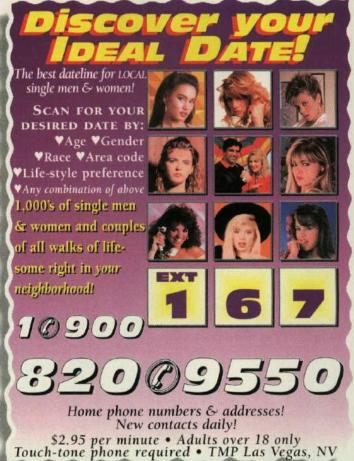




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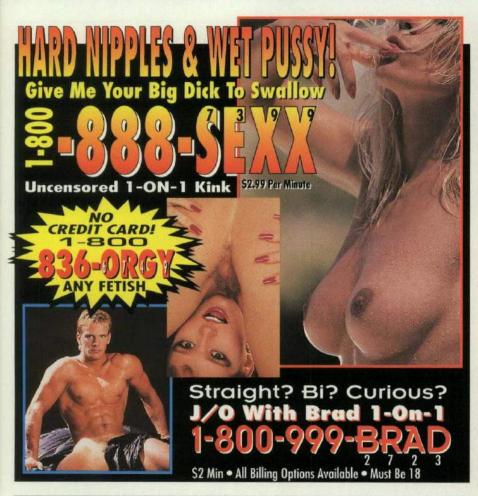






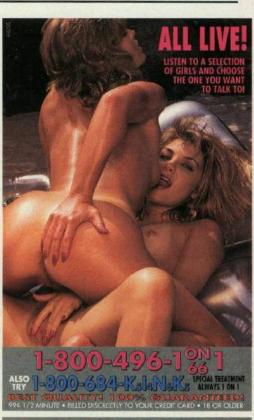
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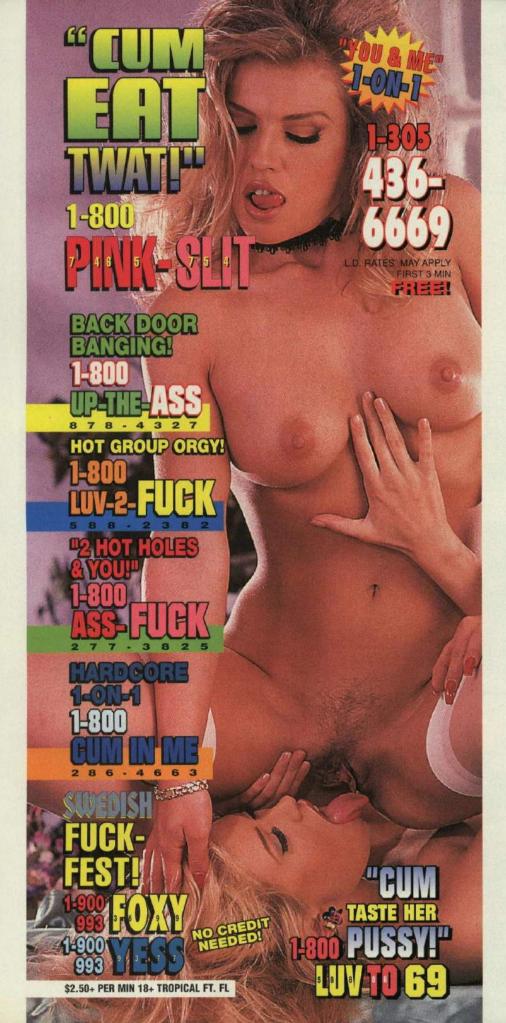


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Militias

(continued from page 108)

want to exercise their right to preserve and protect the Constitution. What's wrong with that?"

Such support is even stronger among officials at the local level. In March 1995, for example, three U.S. Fish and Wildlife agents investigating the shooting of a wolf in Idaho were kicked off a rancher's land by Lemhi County Sheriff Brett Baraslou, who claimed their search warrant was invalid. Idaho politicians, including U.S. Senator Larry Craig and Reps. Helen Chenoweth and Mike Carpo, publicly criticized agents for their "harassment" of a landowner, and the state attorney general demanded that, in the future, "armed federal agents" report to his office before serving a warrant.

And in Eureka, Montana, a local sheriff not only encouraged the formation of a citizen militia, at the organizing meeting he assured members that he would not enforce the Brady Bill. "I would never register my guns," he told the group. "How could I ask you to register yours?"

Within ten days of Chaplain Mike Hill's death in Frazeysburg, Ohio, the FBI had faxed notices to local sheriff's offices nationwide alerting law enforcement that they were likely to become targets of militia snipers out for revenge.

"It's totally irresponsible to be saying that kind of shit," the NACM's Dean Compton complains. "They're keeping everybody all worked up over what was clearly an accidental shooting. Even my sheriff received a notice clear out here in Shingletown."

Compton notes that his contact with the FBI has never been particularly productive, and recalls the Bureau's systematic interrogation of militia leaders following the Oklahoma City bombing.

"They wanted us to turn over John Doe #2," Compton reveals. "It really pissed me off. I said, 'Why in the hell would I do that?' and [the agent] said, 'Because it's the right thing to do.' And I said, 'Well, if it's the right thing to do, which I would agree, why would I wait for you to ask me? And if I was to do it because you had asked me, then why wouldn't I [turn him in and] take the \$2 million reward first? And what the hell makes you think I know him anyway?'"

Attorney General Janet Reno certainly hasn't won the militia vote of

(continued on page 140)



Flash for Cash!

Attention, ladies! The 1996 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1996 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



A knockout by any other name, Veronica visits Beaver Hunt from Atlanta, Georgia. A professional landscaper with a face and body that don't need any touching up, 24-year-old Veronica gets her kicks four-wheeling, and would get a bigger kick if her fiance would bring home a beautiful woman. He's got one already.

Photo by Fiance

manager during the week, and then unwinds with subdued pastimes such as reading, watching movies and skydiving. Tara is 28 years old, and she yearns to participate in a lesbian liaison while her fiance watches. He might want to do more than watch.

Photo by Fiance

Amateur Photo Contest * WIN \$5,000 CASH!

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we publish your photo, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for an extended pictorial worth \$5,000. Send photos, Ibs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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Any allas, nickname, stage or pro name	
Name to be published	Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)
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Model's social security number	
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City State Zig	Address

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY.

In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in other affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's legal signature



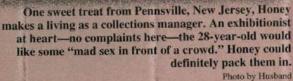
Following the advice emblazoned across her chest, Michelle takes her modeling seriously. A 25-year-old homemaker and part-time model, she swims, sailboards and fantasizes about fucking her husband and another man while blindfolded. Is the other-man slot filled yet?

Photo by Husband

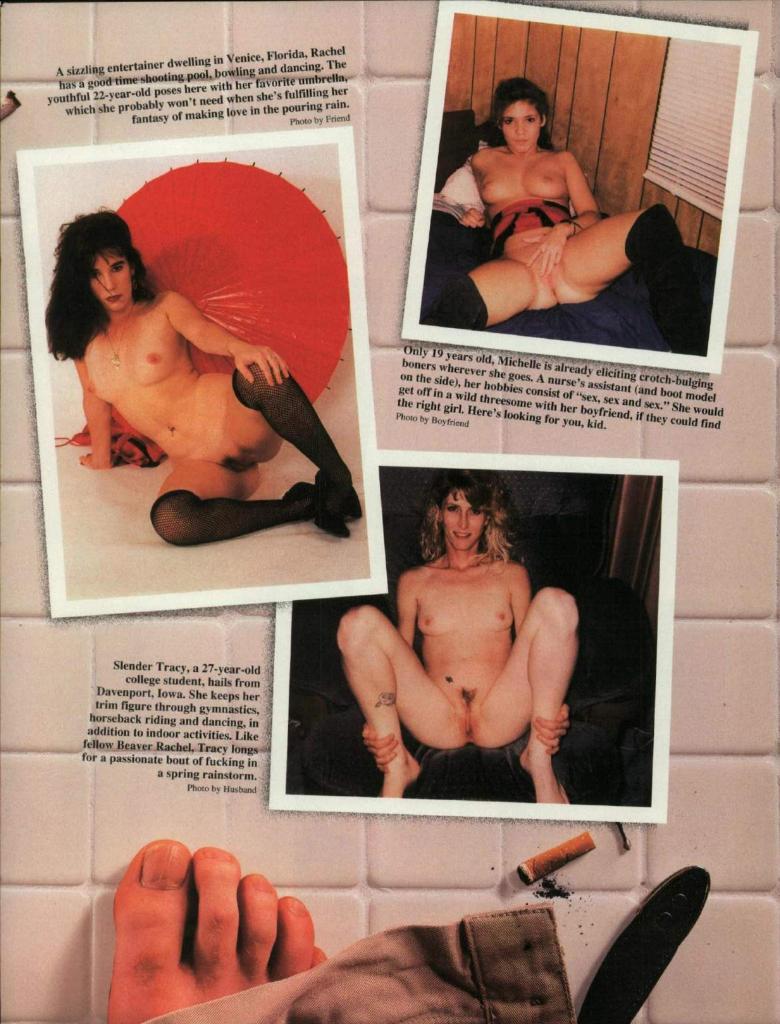


With a body that would make a piercer grateful for his career choice, Panthia is a topless dancer undoubtedly in high demand. Her husband would be in the enviable position of watching his 22-year-old wife in bed with two beautiful women, if she were to have Photo by Husband.

olo by Husband









Alissa, of Port St. Lucie, Florida, works as a cashier when she's not playing softball and taking long walks on the beach. Apparently an open person, the playful 22-year-old claims to have fulfilled all of her sexual fantasies. She's surely inspiring new ones in readers right now.

Photo by Friend

Traveling, having sex in exotic places, buying sexy lingerie and reading HUSTLER make 31year-old Kelly happy. The smiling international reservationist from Apex, North Carolina, secretly wishes to be videotaped having sex with her husband so that onlookers could masturbate at their leisure. Thoughtful. Photo by Husband





Hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and working as a computer technician is beautiful Brigitte. The active 27-year-old enjoys dancing, modeling and nude sunbathing. She says she'll try anything once, and if she likes it, there's no stopping her. Photo by Friend

A mother and housewife in Fayetteville, North Carolina, Becki embodies the image of domestic bliss. Not mincing words, the comely 24-year-old writes that her hobby is "raunchy and raw sex." Her husband, coincidentally, has the same hobby, and the two surely never experience a dull moment.

Photo by Husband



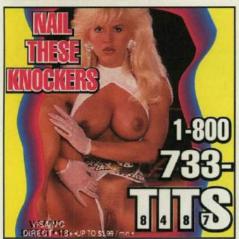
Nicole shows off a profile that would make any woman proud. She's 24 years old, and must be doing something right because she lists no occupation. Swimming, jogging and sketching take up the time Nicole doesn't spend trying to get it on with her boyfriend and another woman.

Photo by Boyfriend

A striking redhead from Kingston, Georgia, 36-yearold Rusti is a technician who enjoys Jeep riding and
collecting comics in her down time. Her naughty
desire is to ride in the back of a Towncar
through downtown Atlanta, wearing
nothing but perfume. Smells like fun.
Photo by Husband

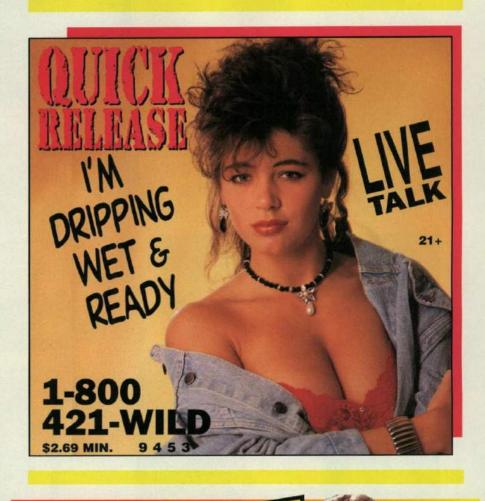




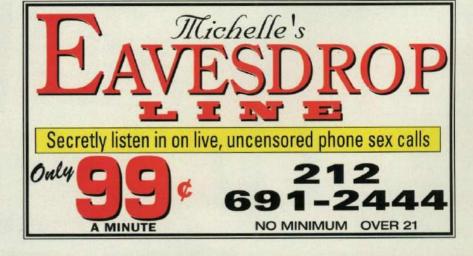


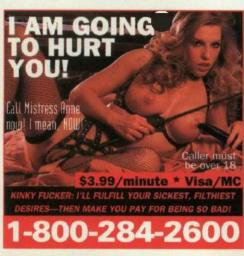














EXOTIC DANCERS

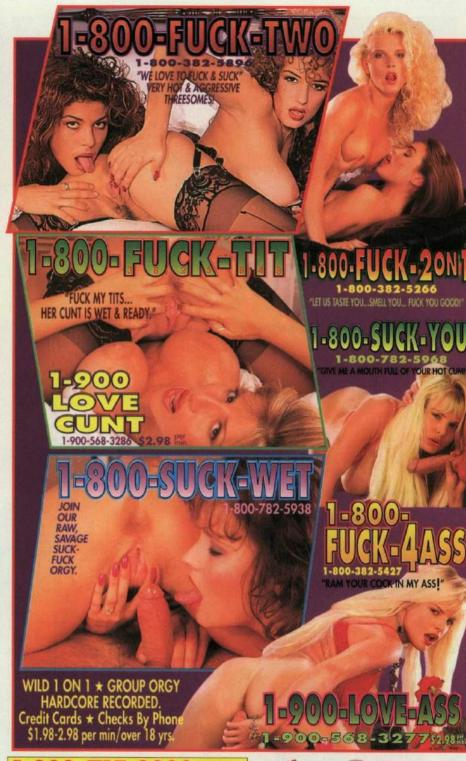
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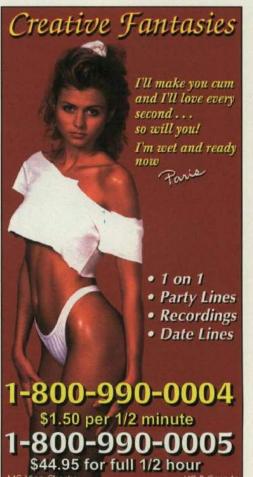




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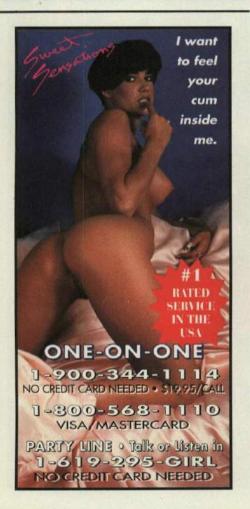












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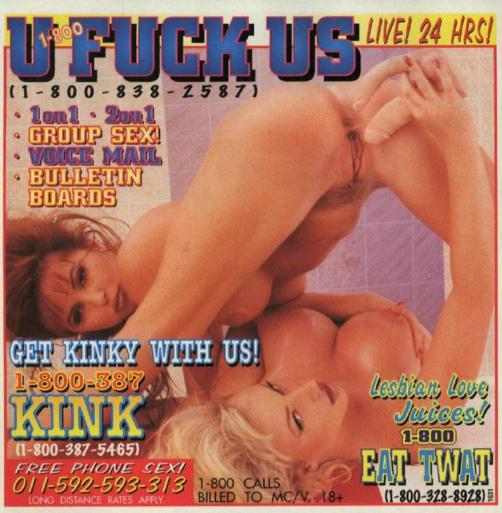




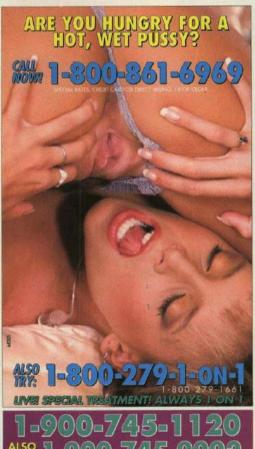












ALWAYS LIVE GIRLS! 1-ON-1























Real-life "Rocky" The fight was vintage Wenner. He elbowed, rabbit-

(continued from page 80)

punched and laced Ali, but never stopped propelling his body forward, like a street fighter on automatic pilot.

pricey Cleveland boutique and bought her a pink negligee. He told her to wear it on fight night, because she would be sleeping with the heavyweight champion of the world.

The fight was vintage Wepner. He elbowed, rabbit-punched and laced the legendary Ali, but never stopped propelling his body forward, like a street fighter on automatic pilot. Then came the magic touch.

"Ali threw a right hand after a jab," Wepner recounts. "I slipped the rightone of the few of my career. He pulled away off balance, I caught him under the heart with a right, and he went down. It was a clear-cut knockdown.'

It went into the books as a knockdown, but was clouded in unfair controversy when, an hour after the fight, Ali's aide-de-camp, Bundini Brown, started a rumor that the knockdown had been the result of Wepner stepping on Ali's feet.

"That's nonsense," counters Wepner. "Anyway, 20 years later, [the knockdown] is still a topic of conversation."

When the bruised and battered loser greeted Phyliss that night, clad in her new attire, she asked, "Do I go to the champ's room, or does he come here?"

Watching the Ali fight on closed-circuit television was a 30-year-old actor/screenwriter named Sylvester Stallone, who was on the flip side of a career that had never had an upside. Stallone saw a moral, physical and emotional strength in Wepner, the relentlessly determined underdog. A year later, using Wepner as a model, he created the character Rocky

Wepner was offered a flat fee by the Rocky producers, or 1% of the gross. He took the fee of several thousand dollars because, he says, "I thought it would just be a small, feel-good movie that would be quickly forgotten." Had he chosen the latter, he would be more than eight million dollars richer today.

"Hey, I took a shot," Wepner shrugs. "Who was to know Stallone was such a genius? Who ever knew the movie would click? I took the money and ran."

Wepner earned a career-high \$100,000 for the Ali fight, and fought on for almost four more years. He picked up substantial pocket change fighting Japanese wrestler Antonio Inoki in Japan and American wrestler Andre the Giant in New York's Shea Stadium. The 7-4 Andre picked Wepner up over his head and hurled him into the stands. Wepner received

"For that kind of money," Wepner

laughs, "you can throw me off an eightstory building.

During the 1980s, Wepner was offered a part in the continuing Rocky saga, playing Ching Webber, a Rocky sparring partner. For one of the sequels, Stallone wrote the boxer 32 lines and begged him to play the part.

But, Wepner says, "I wasn't a natural actor. I showed up for the filming in Philadelphia with two bimbos, drunk. Stallone told me how he wrote the part specifically for me. But I just couldn't get into it, couldn't study for it."

He was making plenty of money and living life at a breakneck pace, fueled by cocaine.

"I worked hard in the liquor business and was a big shot everywhere I went,' he recalls. "There was so much booze and broads. I was out of control, a crazy man, dressed to the hilt, wearing all sorts of gold." Then came his 1985 arrest, and he hit the skids as if clobbered with the force of Liston and Foreman combined.

His first day in prison, an inmate demanded cigarettes from the boxer.

"I cracked him across the face," Wepner recounts. "He didn't know who I was. He was probably the only guy in the joint that didn't recognize me." He later befriended the convict, after being offered an apology. "And then I couldn't get rid of the guy.

Wepner whiled away the long hours in his cell confronting his countless demons.

"I realized I was a jerk and had hung around with the wrong people in the wrong places," he admits. "I realized I had problems I never acknowledged."

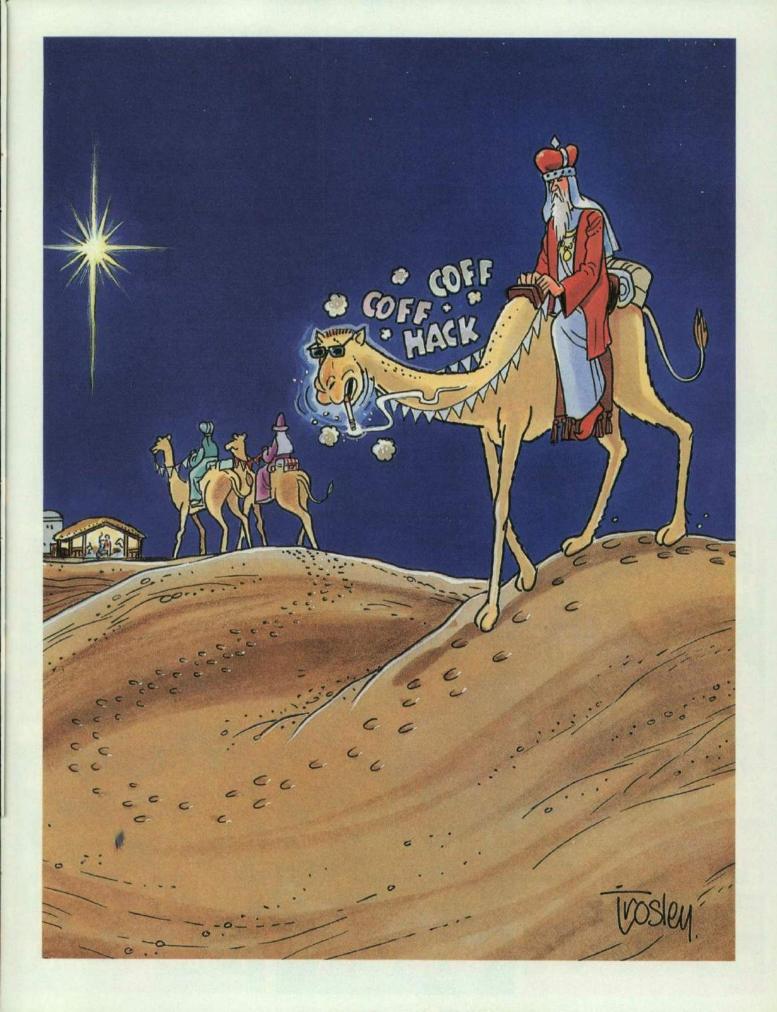
A legion of public supporters, as well as advocates in the law-enforcement community, agreed that Wepner's actions had been what he called an "aberration," and got him a release after two years. He was enrolled in the Intensive Supervision Program.

"I had to work every day," he explains, "and be home every night. I was allowed no recreation, and got urine tests twice a week. I spent thousands of hours doing community service. I was so successful in the program, they made me a group leader. I put 20 months into that program without a single blemish, and became a much better person through it. I will never forget what I did wrong, because people who forget are destined

Wepner's cocaine habit is now behind him. His body is a slim, well-muscled (continued on page 140)

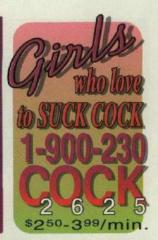
to do wrong again."







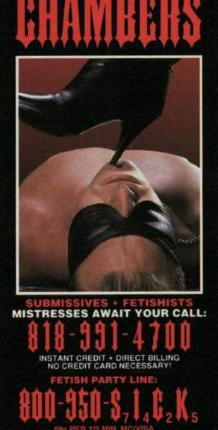






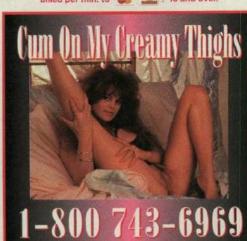




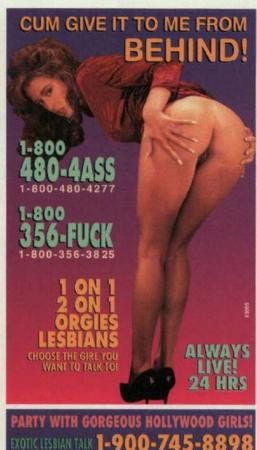


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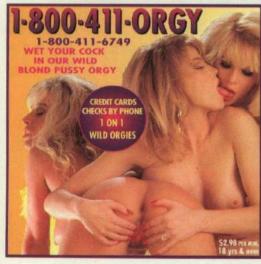
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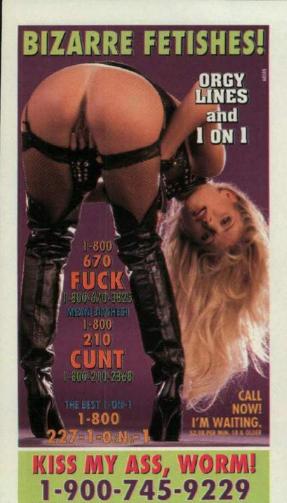
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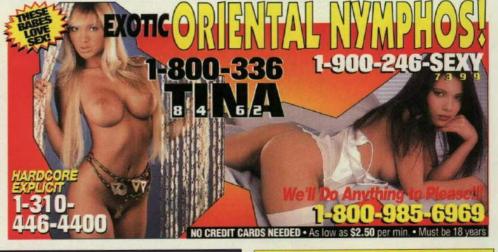
















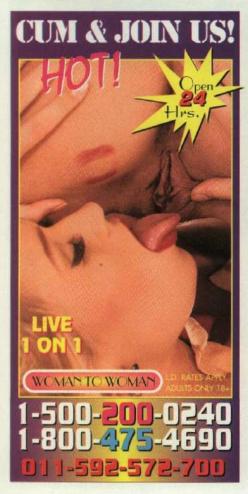


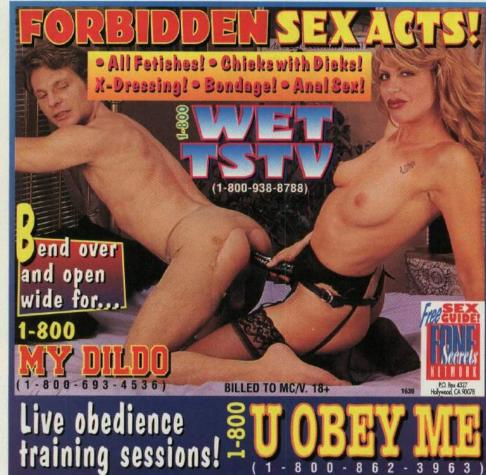


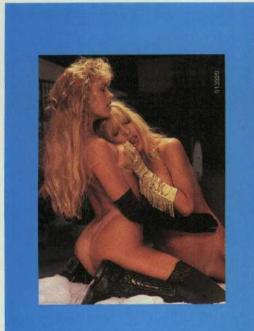










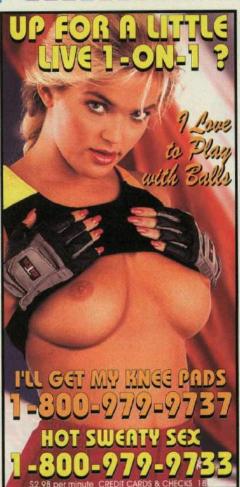


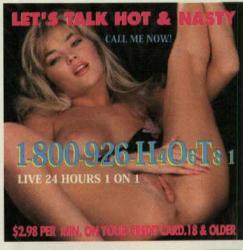
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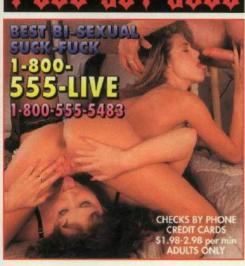




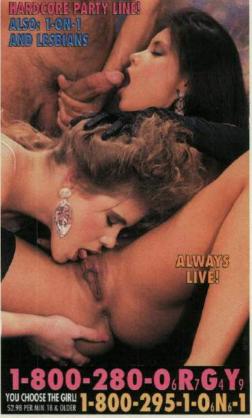












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Militias

(continued from page 116)

confidence. She all but thumbed her nose at the movement when, on May 2, 1995, she elevated Larry Potts to Deputy Director of the FBI.

To the militia, Potts represented everything that is wrong with the Bureau. Potts, who was running the Oklahoma City bombing investigation at the time of his appointment, had been in charge of the FBI's final assault on the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. He'd also been the agent in charge at Ruby Ridge, Idahofor which, one month prior to his promotion, he'd been censured for failing to pay enough attention to orders given to FBI snipers (who reportedly were told they "could and should" use deadly force).

Although Potts was forced to resign his post during the week prior to the July 1995 Congressional inquiry into events at Waco, his promotion was one of many incidents that have contributed to a schism between government and electorate. The schism only widened when Potts, along with three other agents, was suspended from the FBI in August 1995 pending the outcome of a criminal investigation by the Justice Department into whether he had perjured himself and made false statements regarding Ruby Ridge.

"People are afraid of the government," warns merchant Marilyn Brower, whose shop window in Clayton, Idaho, sports a bumper sticker reading, IF WE CAN'T REFORM IT, WE WILL OVERTHROW IT. "Robert MacNamara comes out 30 years later and says the Vietnam War was a tragic mistake. We know the Cold War was perpetrated by the industrial-military complex. The public knows the government has lied to us."

Some political pundits have credited this growing feeling of alienation with the ousting of the Democratic majority in the 1994 elections. Others warn of a greater danger. According to Chip Berlet of Political Research Associates in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a parallel can be drawn between America's militiadominated patriot movement and Germany's Weimar Republic—which set the stage for Hitler's Third Reich.

"You see the rise of a large group of disaffected middle-class and working-class people with a strong sense of grievance," says Berlet. "None of the major parties speak for them." If their grievances aren't resolved, he warns, they are likely to become more militant.

Hitler used similar political conditions to declare a national emergency and grab the reins of government. Should that happen here, the militias' fears of an impending purge of the civilian paramilitary could well become a self-fulfilling prophecy.



(continued from page 130)

255 pounds. He got his job back at the liquor company, and does public relations work for a gasoline additive company. He is chairman of the board of his Bayonne condominium, where his second-floor apartment overlooks Veterans Stadium, the site of his professional debut. He has a fine relationship with his three children.

But most important, he has his third wife, Linda, a pretty cocktail waitress whom he wed last year. Linda was a lifelong Ali fan. When she first met Wepner 18 years ago, she admonished him for hitting Ali in the back of the head and neck. She apparently made a lasting impression, because she and Wepner didn't see each other for 16 more years, and were wed shortly after meeting again.

"I have a wonderful family, and wonderful friends," Wepner declares. "They all stood by me through very bad times. I can't believe how forgiving everybody has been. They realized it was a big mistake, and took me back with open arms."

The PBA show marked one of Wepner's first appearances before the lawenforcement community since his release from prison. Prior to his incarceration, he had been a fixture at such events. Now he faced a legion of cops—not known for having much faith in the power of rehabilitation or redemption, especially where drugs are concerned.

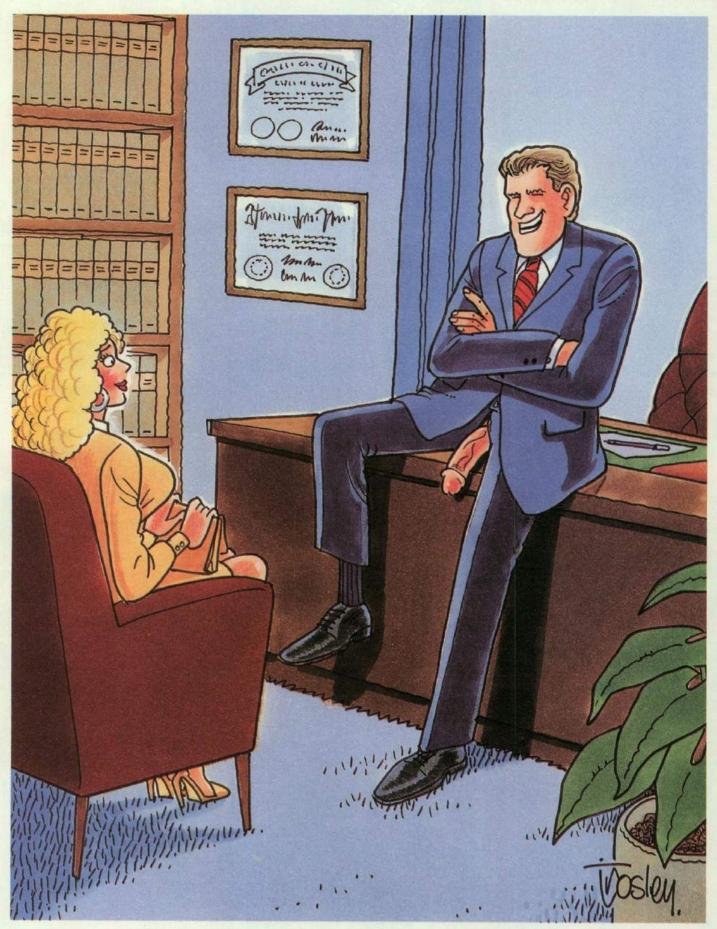
He entered the ring, grabbed the microphone and told the crowd how much he respected them, and what a great job they were doing. No longer afraid to confront his demons, he mentioned his recent troubles, spoke of a troubled road well-traveled, and lessons learned. He then thanked them for inviting him. The rousing applause camouflaged the tears being stifled throughout the makeshift arena.

"Everybody gets in trouble at one time or another," Wepner says later, explaining his warm reception from an often unforgiving lot. "I'm a guy everybody can relate to. And cops, especially New York cops, are real people. They work hard and play hard.

"I was a working stiff who finally got a break and took advantage of it. I outgutted and outballed my way through a boxing career and a prison sentence. I got everything I have on endurance and perseverance. And when I screwed up, I owned up to it."

After all these years, Chuck Wepner is still fighting the good fight.



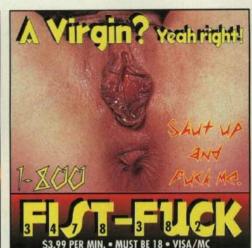


"However, Miss Whitaker, like any other man, I do have a chink in my armor...."

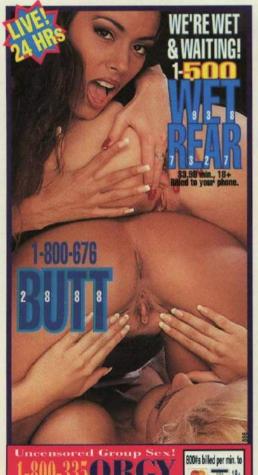




























PARTY













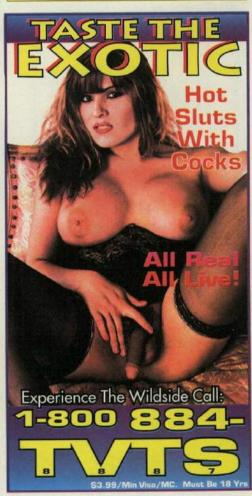
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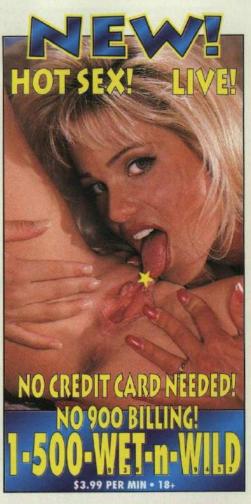






























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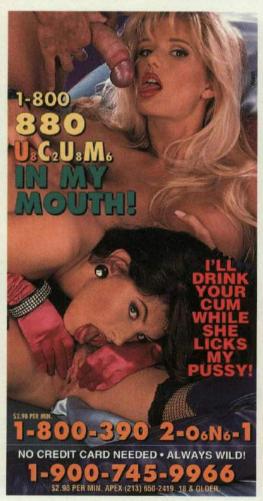






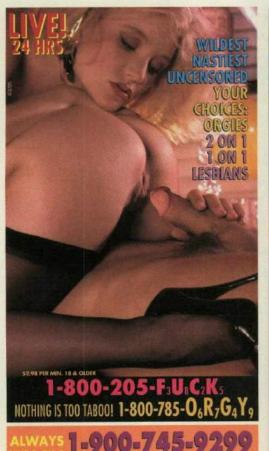




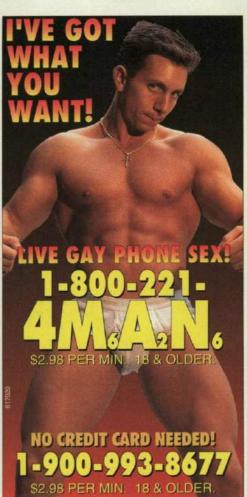








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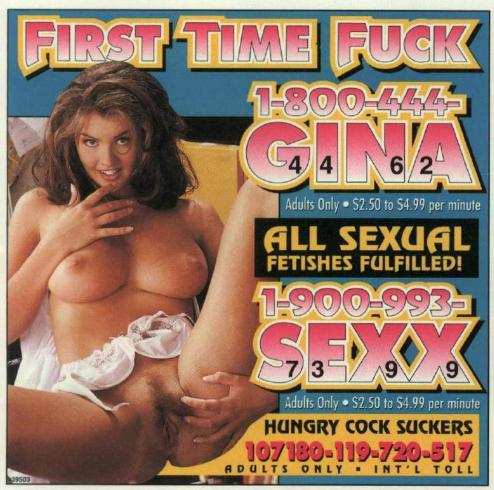
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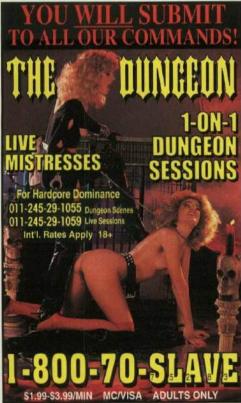






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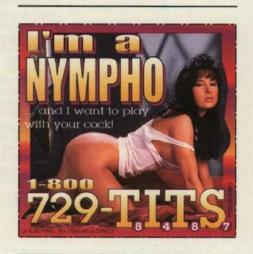




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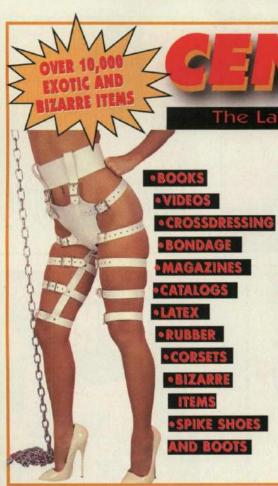












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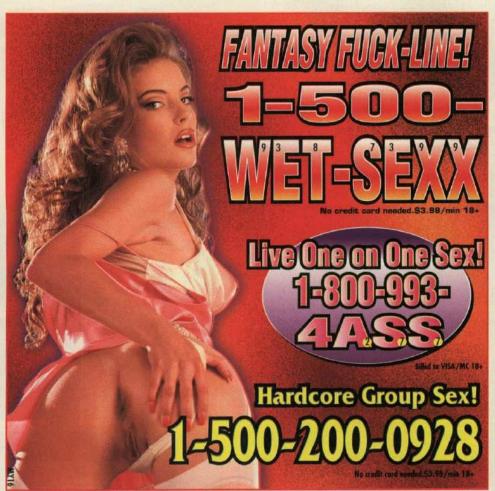
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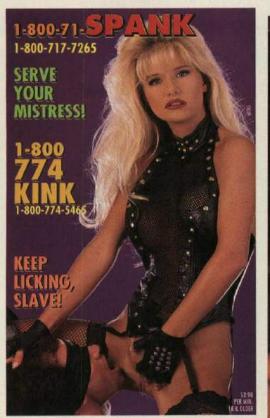
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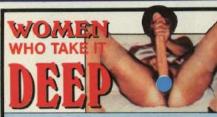
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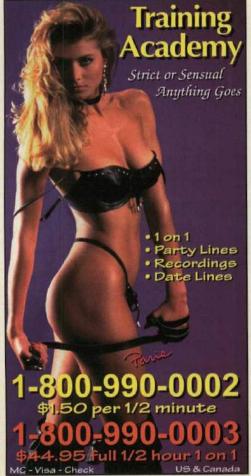
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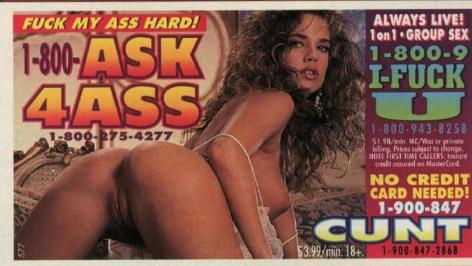














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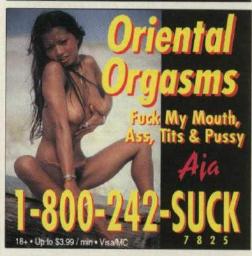


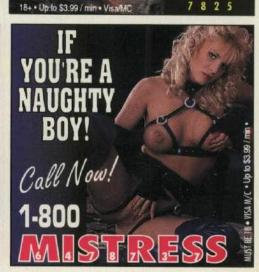




















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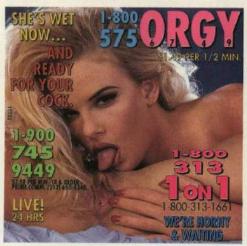
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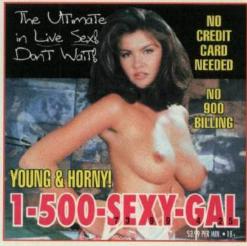




































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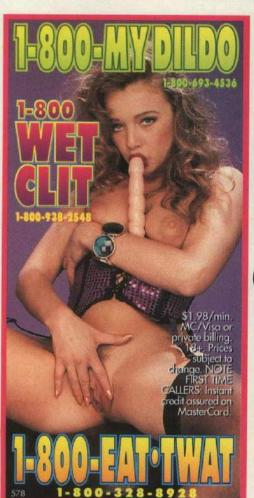


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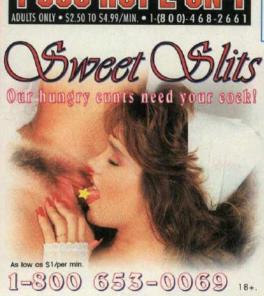
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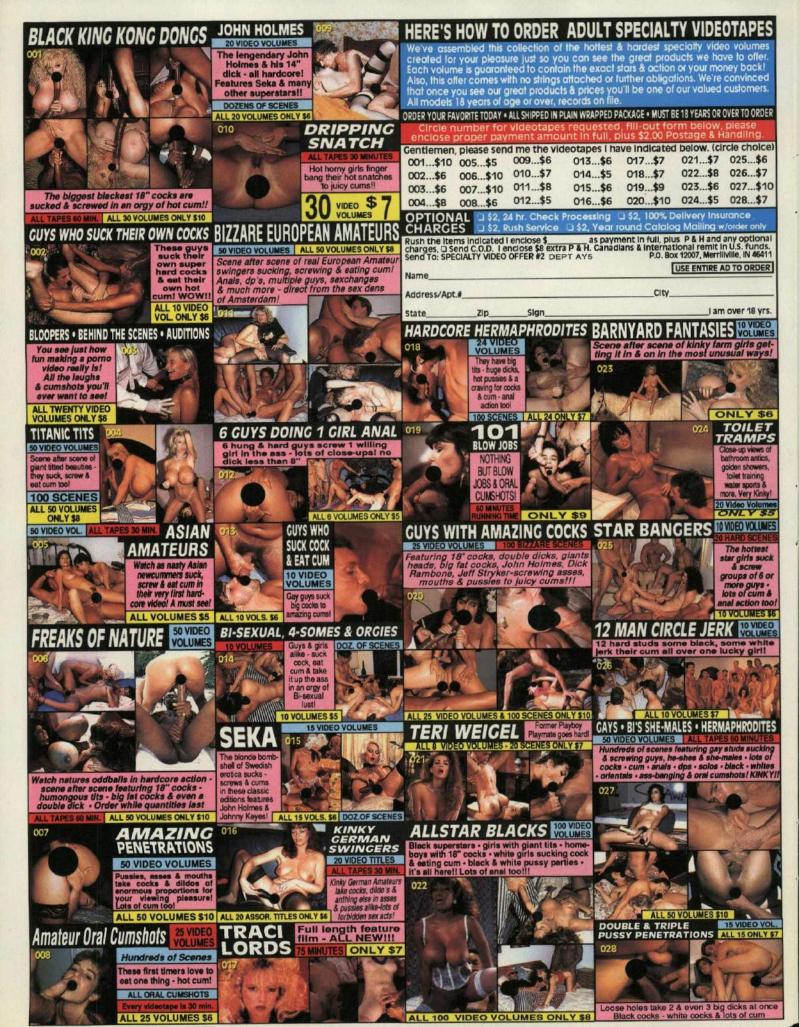
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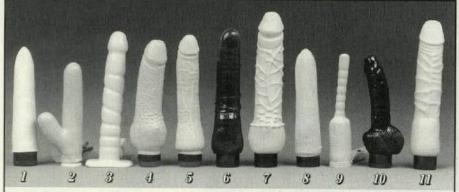
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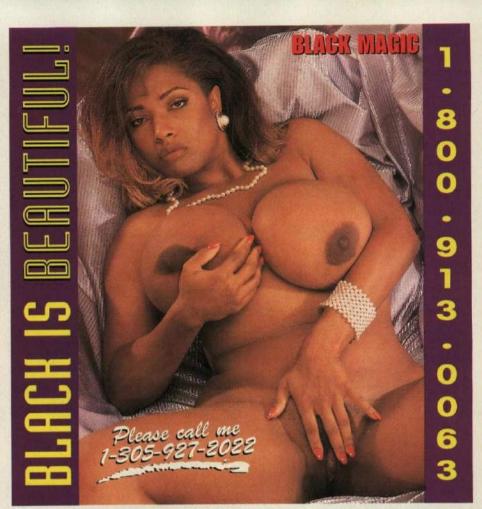
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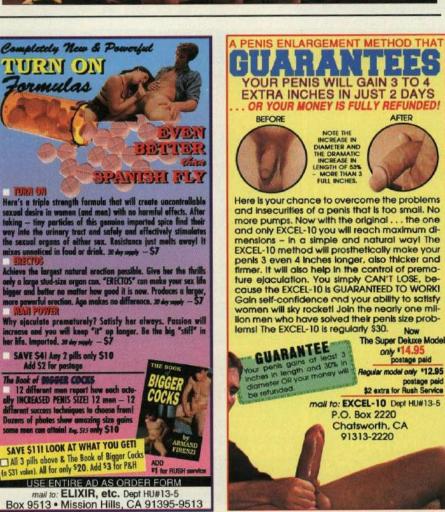


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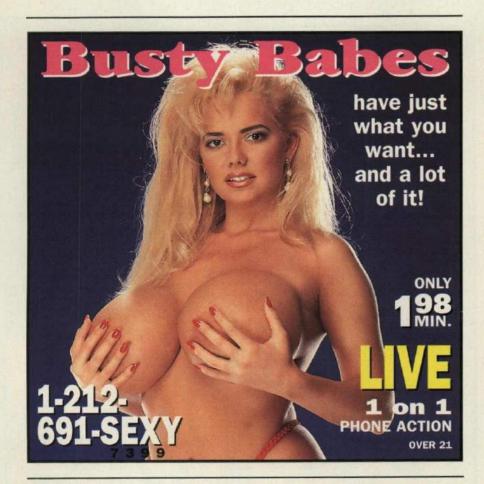
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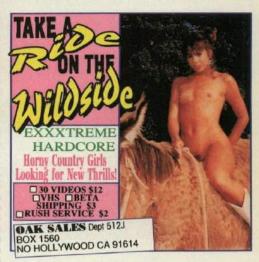
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January HUSTLER on sale November 21, 1995



START YOUR ENGINES

Bring in the new year with the world's sweetest Honeys, courtesy of HUSTLER in January. Initiate the proceedings in the relaxed warmth of an early morning visit with a natural-bodied, sparkling blue-eyed blonde lounging in her seaside flat after a night of private partying; next, enter a barber shop where a dark-haired seductress is alone with her red boots, a straight razor, some cream and the stuff of dreams; make tracks for a big-breasted, knockout blonde who teaches a fast car a few things about dangerous curves; frolic with a beach babe and her beau as they bask in the sun, suck, fuck and keep the spirit of summer fun alive; and witness two small-cupped cuties, one blond, one brunet, lick and probe each other's every crack and crevice, shielded by a few trees and little else. The January HUSTLER provides inspiration for resolutions galore. Resolve to pick it up and enter 1996 with a bang.



BEGINNING OF THE END

The proliferation of deadly terrorist attacks in recent years has fostered fears of international murderers armed with homemade chemical and biological weapons of awesome destructive power. One such terrorist, Saddam Hussein, used mustard gas and cyanide against Kurdish civilians in 1988, killing as many as 5,000 people. The events in Tokyo and, closer to home, Oklahoma City illustrate the potential damage that can be wrought by a small group of people with a little spare time and a few easily obtainable chemicals. Investigative ace Fletcher Margolis explores the real threat of chemical and biological warfare, on national and international levels, as well as what steps can be taken to halt this frightening possibility.



THE START OF A **BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP**

The fall of communism in the Soviet Union facilitated the exchange of cultural and material elements between Eastern Europe and the West. Russian citizens fortunate enough to have money wear Levi's, smoke Marlboros and eat Big Macs. And American men shop for Russian brides. Writer Adam Parfrey reports on the singles services that cater to middle-class-to-wealthy, middle-aged-to-aged, stateside guys seeking Eastern bloc women to share in correspondence, romance and even marriage. Russian mail-order brides are often younger, better-educated and prettier than what these men would be able to buy if they were to confine their searches to American girls. Read this enlightening exposé in the January HUSTLER, and weigh the possible advantages of a trip to Moscow over a Friday-night jaunt to the local singles bar.



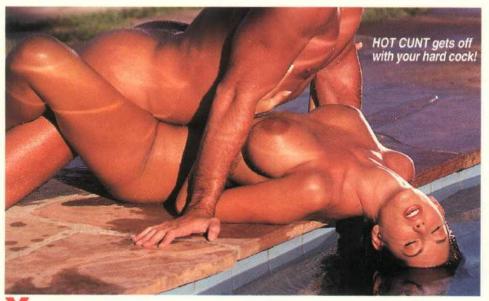
Sex Play studies the intersection of two highly sensitive subjects: relationships and farts. This serious yet humorous feature goes where most would fear to tread. Be brave and check it out. Bits & Pieces melds truth and friction; Hot Letters titillate and stimulate, all the better to masturbate; Erotic Entertainment lets porn patrons know where to get more fuck for their buck; and Beaver Hunt visits bedrooms across the land for pussy portraits that will lift more than spirits. HUSTLER in January sets corks popping. Take aim.





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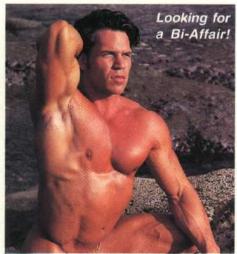
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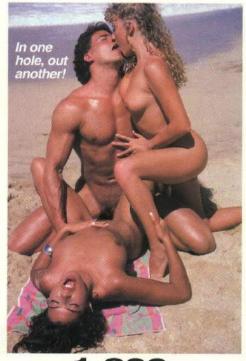
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